

d. c. gazette

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25¢



WHERE ARE THE KIDS?

Artwork from LAP (see page 3)

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Retirement probe

Sick cops

MARK WEINBERG

WASHINGTON must have the sickest police force in the country. It's a wonder that our cops can move around at all when 97 percent of them retire on disability, most of them in their thirties and forties. Police who retire on disability get a higher annuity and pay no tax on their retirement, and this may have something to do with it. City Councilman Carlton Veazey, chairman of the public safety committee, held hearings May 6 to figure out what was going wrong. Police chief Wilson was too busy figuring up the Mayday body count to attend. ("They didn't even have the courtesy to come down," Veazey complained later.)

The police retirement system is also used by the city's firemen, U.S. Park Police, Secret Service and Executive Protection Service. Their percentage of disability retirements is almost as high. Veazey was told that disabilities are not severe enough to prevent retired cops from finding work after retirement with other police forces such as Fairfax County's. Former D.C. police chief John Layton retired on a disability and wound up heading the Executive Protection Service. Disability-retired city police have no trouble passing the Capitol police force physical.

To build a good case, policemen contemplating retirement begin taking more sick leave and visiting their clinic more often to bolster the written medical record which forms the basis for disability retirement. The report is presented to the retirement board by the Board of Surgeons which runs the clinic. The retirement board is composed of the chiefs of police and fire department, who have a direct interest in liberal retirements for their men.

The committee heard charges that the system works arbitrarily in several ways. The chiefs themselves attend board hearings only as a courtesy when the head of a department is retiring, according to acting fire chief Loyde Balcom. Attendance from the fire department rotates among battalion chiefs, and the pattern is the same in other agencies. A battalion chief with a grudge against a fireman up for retirement can hardly be impartial.

Second, there are no doctors on the board. This is no problem, Balcom argued, because "We can always ask the doctor what part of the body that is if we don't understand." Third, there is no requirement that the clinic doctor who treats a cop must present that case before the retirement board. When it does happen it's a rarity.

Then there is the matter of racial discrimination. Goldie Johnson of the Police Wives Association charged that black cops are routinely referred to psychiatrists regardless of their physical ailments and wind up with psychiatric discharges, making it impossible for them to find work after retirement. She claimed that up to 85 percent of the black cops are retired in this way while white cops have no trouble getting regular physical discharges. Administrators of the system said they kept no racial information but Veazey doesn't believe them.

They also argued that liberal laws and court decisions virtually require liberal disability discharges. In particular they blamed the "aggravation clause" added by Congress in 1962. If a man has a physical problem which is aggravated by performance of duty, he can get a disability retirement. In 1969 three-fourths and in 1970 two-thirds of disability retirements were aggravation cases.

Because a retirement hike for city police means an identical benefit for federal police under the same retirement system, the D.C. cops are the "tail wagging the dog," according to a staffer at the Office of Management and Budget who handles city matters for the federal government. He said this is a continuing source of controversy at OMB because "a local police force isn't necessarily the same as the guys

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Where are the kids?

SAM SMITH

BOTH the 83-page Clark Plan and school superintendent Hugh Scott's 191-page response to that plan, The Academic Achievement Project, represent an attempt to prove that a generation of the best educated, best staffed and best funded school administrators in history can teach reading, writing and arithmetic as well as their less talented, less well-staffed and funded predecessors of several decades or more ago. A lot rides on the effort. If Scott's carrots and Clark's sticks fail to do the job, parents and other non-professionals may, in large numbers, begin thinking what a few have already proposed: that America's system of public education is a hoax, designed more to provide jobs for educators than for students, structured more to channel children than to free them, and re-enforcing the inequities of society rather than breaking them down. Public education, begun in part to provide the mass with a weapon with which to storm the battlements of social, political and economic caste, has been turned against the mass and now represents a major force inhibiting change and maintaining class.

Both Kenneth Clark and Hugh Scott would argue that they propose to end this perversion



of public education. But their ability to do so is seriously compromised by the fact that students remain for them only a minor part of the constituency they serve. Reading both men's reports, one can almost forget that the purported subject is children and how they can learn. The student appears as a tool for determining the

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Journey to The Place

AMY R. CASS

THIS story appeared earlier in *The New Left*, a collection of essays edited by Priscilla Long. The author is ten years old. From FPS.

PETER, who was 7 years old, and Clarissa, who was six, lived in a small town called Harringsville with their mother and father.

Peter and Clarissa, like all the other children hated what they had to do every day. And this is it: up at 7:00, to school at 8:00, home at 3:00, eat at 5:00, to sleep at 7:30. Do you see why they hated it?

Ever since they were four or five they wanted to go to a place called... well, it really doesn't have a name, but I'll tell you about it. It's a place that not everyone knows about, mostly only children. You get there by an animal.

Animals show you the way. Peter and Clarissa really wanted to go. But they had to find the right animal. They figured because they are going to such an unusual place, it would have to be an unusual animal to take them there. But they couldn't find any weird looking or sounding animal, so they decided to start without an animal.

They walked and walked and walked.

As they walked along they came to a cat and her kittens. For three hours they sat there and waited to see if they would be led somewhere or to something.

But they weren't, so they went on until they found themselves following a unicorn. By the way, a unicorn is like a horse with one big horn in the middle of his head.

The unicorn led them to a small hole. In the hole there was a key. As Peter picked up the key, the unicorn ran away.

Peter and Clarissa walked on a little more and there was a door. Peter put the key in the keyhole and THERE IT WAS! the place! The everything they wanted right there!

They were the two happiest children I know.

This place was beautiful. It had cake and candy, meat and vegetables. Peter and Clarissa loved everything, so did the other children.

Oh yes, there were many, many animals... cats, dogs, birds, monkeys, horses and even unicorns.

There was something called the Mischief Room where there were glasses of milk to spill,

windows to break, hammers and saws to ruin things with, and things to throw around.

There was a Neat Room. That was where you could get pretty clothes and take showers and baths and comb your hair, wash your hands, and brush your teeth.

There was a toy store where you didn't need money.

And for a second one might have thought that they didn't learn anything. Well, there is something called a Learning Room. That's where they teach each other how to add and write and read and spell. They had a huge collection of books that children brought with them. And from the books they learnt about history and they learnt about nature and how to do things like tell time and read music. And that is the Learning Room.

One of the favorite rooms of all the children is the Outdoor Room. And that's where there's flowers and trees and animals and streams and lakes and caves to go in, places outside that you can roller skate and jump rope and use a pogo stick and where you can camp out. And for those who like woods, there's a woods to walk in.

All the children in The Place were always very cautious not to be seen opening the door that they came in through, for they feared that an adult would find out about it. One day, Clarissa wasn't careful enough, opened the door and was seen by her Mother. Her Mother asked what was behind the door. Clarissa was a honest girl, especially after being in The Place, so she told her Mother the truth.

Her Mother came in, looked around and said it was a very nice place, but it needed a little tidying and fixing up. So she came in and started to sweep a little and then went and got a couple more mothers to help. When they saw the Learning Room they thought it was beautiful. So they went and got a teacher who posted a schedule that said 'up at 7:00, to school at 8:00, home at 3:00, eat at 5:00, to sleep at 7:30.'

When the teacher saw the Mischief Room, she gasped and said it was a terrible disaster area and locked it up for good.

As more and more parents came in, making more and more changes, that they thought were good for the children, the children sneaked out one by one and never came back. All that is left of The Place now is each child's dream.

Mindlessness in the schools

RHETORIC being what it is today, the word "crisis" has lost much of its meaning. With all the crises drummed into our heads daily, few people have the emotional energy left to respond to another one. When the crisis is in the classroom, it is tough to get a raised eyebrow much less a concerned look. For all of us are tired of crises. After all life nowadays is a crisis that has to be dealt with daily. Thus, another word sucked dry of meaning disappears from the vocabulary of involvement. And that is unfortunate since Charles Silberman has written a good book

Crisis in the Classroom (Random House, 1970) places this nation at the edge of both danger and deliverance. In trying to save American education, Charles Silberman wants to deliver, most fervently, reform to the schools.

With an intensity bred from conviction, Charles Silberman has laid out in clear language the mindlessness of public education. "It is not possible," he says, to spend any prolonged period visiting public school classrooms (he visited over 100 in three and a half years) without being appalled by the mutilation visible everywhere--mutilation of spontaneity, of joy in learning, of pleasure in creating, of sense of self." He speaks, I should add, of both slum and suburb.

To anyone familiar with the writings of John Holt, Herbert Kohl, Paul Goodman, Edgar Friedenberg, et. al. nothing new has been said. What Silberman does bring to bear, however, is an Establishment stamp of approval to what heretofore has been a radical indictment of public education. (The Carnegie Corporation spent \$300,000 underwriting the study.) In effect, Silberman says: those guys were right. Public school are, indeed, mindless slaughterhouses of the mind as well as the spirit.

The mindlessness theme ties the book together. In each section, he scores educators for refusing to ask the right questions. He condemns their continually confusing ends with means. Documenting this charge of mindlessness, Silberman grimly details incidents illustrating stupidity, mutilation of the young and gross inhumaneness. He concludes:

The preoccupation with order and control, the slavish adherence to the timetable and lesson plan, the obsession with routine qua routine, the absence of noise and movement, the joylessness and repression, the universality of the formal lecture or teacher-dominated 'discussion' in which the teacher instructs an entire class as a unit, the emphasis of the verbal and de-emphasis of the concrete, the inability of students to work on their own, the dichotomy between work and play--none of these are necessary; all can be eliminated. This prison-like factory, he believes, can be changed.

Schools can be humane and still educate well. They can be genuinely concerned with gaiety and joy and individual growth and fulfillment without sacrificing concern for intellectual discipline and development. They can be simultaneously child centered and subject or knowledge-centered. They can stress esthetic and moral education without weakening the three R's.

The spirit soars with such prose. Few interested citizens would argue that the schools he calls for are just as eagerly sought by informed parents. What must be done to get them? Again Silberman.

They can do all of these things if--but only if--their structure, content and objectives are transformed.

The "if" of course, is a big one. Aside from the immensity of changing the structure, content and objectives--a point I will return to--in what specific direction should the changes move?

Silberman's answer, I feel, is the strongest part of the book. In two lengthy chapters, he presents an informed, but passionate, case for informal education. Based upon the English primary school movement, and variously called "free day," "integrated curriculum," Silberman analyzes correctly its reliance upon structure and the teacher and assesses its merits as well as its shortcomings. For the nay-sayers who argue that what might be fine for Britain may be inapplicable for America, a chapter records cases of informal classrooms and schools in both grim and gilded ghettos. Silberman also deals brusquely with the romantics who have embraced the open classroom as a current fad and ignore the importance of both structure and the central role of the teacher. Free schools and informal education, as Silberman describes it, are not the same.

The unique virtue of informal education is that it indeed transforms objectives, content and structure in the classroom. It frees the teachers while it frees the child. "The free day classroom relieves the teacher of the necessity of being a timekeeper, traffic cop, and disciplinarian...the discipline problem withers away, in part because the children are not required to sit still and be silent...she is free to devote all of her time and energy to teaching itself. An additional point of great importance he makes is that: "the free day (education) does not depend on extraordinary talent or genius on the part of the teacher; teachers of every sort--ordinary, garden variety teachers; not only superior ones--are able to function well in informal classrooms.

When Silberman moves from elementary to secondary education he is far more tentative and unsure of prescriptions. What he does support are the

crucial elements of informal education extended into secondary schools, i.e. flexibility in organization of time and space, opening up of traditional teacher-student relationships, shaking loose from the dead hand of rigid marking systems, etc. Philadelphia's Parkway School, Newton's Murray Road Annex and Portland's John Adams High School illustrate some promising directions to pursue.

The last section of the book deals with the education and training of teachers. Those familiar with the intramural battles between education and liberal arts faculties will find this portion of the book a sad summary of how little change has taken place over the past half-century in the preparation of teachers. The poverty of real change in teacher education becomes apparent because Silberman can only cite occasional islands of reform in a vast sea of inertia. A surprising omission to his catalogue of promising programs is the national Teacher Corps. Underfunded from its birth, the Teacher Corps, nonetheless, has compelled participating universities to raise more fundamental questions about teacher education than any other federally or state supported program. Silberman's silence on Teacher Corps raises doubts in my mind about the comprehensiveness of his study of teacher education.

When I finished this section, I finally discovered what bothered me about the book. Silberman talks the language of reform--its rhetoric, its emphasis upon the humane, its damning of the inhumane and its case studies of "good" schools. The plea for change is restrained and sober. Passionate where necessary but no angry or hysterical shrieks. Yet the flaw, to me, is that while he ably presents in an almost cookbook fashion all the ingredients for necessary reforms, he does not deal in realistic terms with the process of moving school systems off dead center in order to achieve the ends he lays out so eloquently. Perhaps that is asking too much of an author. I think not. For a book subtitled "The Remaking of Education," little space is devoted to various strategies of reform.

Consider the case Silberman makes for informal education. While suggesting that the English primary school movement is on the verge of sweeping the country, evidence from major cities is indeed meager. Yes, the New York Teacher's Union and the new Chancellor of the school system have embraced informal education. But fiscal belt tightening will probably cut deeply into plans. In Philadelphia where Silberman cites the efforts of Lore Rasmussen, it has taken five years to create nine Learning Centers (1969) in which kids get one (yes, one) hour a week of informal education.

In Washington, D. C. where informal education has been demonstrated for the past three years in a number of Model School Division classrooms and at the Morgan school, administrative response has been disappointing. Informal education has not broken out of the Cardozo area and spilled over into the rest of the city. At Morgan elementary school the recent actions of the Community School Board along with the departure of half the staff as well as the capable director of the Follow Through program have left informal education there a shambles. Parent groups west of Rock Creek Park have lobbied for a school along the lines of an English primary school and individual groups have pushed for even single classrooms within a building--both to no avail thus far. The point here is that reforms just don't happen. It takes effective leadership outside the schools as well as astute administrative leadership inside the system. More important it requires coordinated lobbying and elbowing just to get the reform accepted. Sustaining and extending it is equally as difficult. Success is possible but the politics of educational reform is complex. Silberman's silence on this issue is disappointing.

Nor does Silberman deal with the major obsta-

cles to educational reform. In his chapter on the failure of educational reform, he describes how team teaching, ungraded schools, curricular changes and computer technology have collapsed in trying to overhaul schooling. Much of the failure, he suggests, was due to either short-sighted thinking on the part of innovators or limitations of the approach itself. The one obstacle to reform that he properly identified was the classroom teacher. Most innovations come from the top down. This trickle down process inevitably places the teacher in the pivotal position of either implementing or sabotaging the particular program. Since reform by fiat seldom provides help to the teacher and, in most cases, even views the teacher as a low-level technician, classroom teachers have often blocked efforts they don't understand or feel were offensive rather than be scapegoated at a later time. For an example don't look further than Washington's experience with the Clark Plan, which, I think, showed dramatically the veto power that teachers wield.

While Silberman recognizes the critical role of the teacher, he says little about the role of the bureaucracy in stifling reform. How middle-level management at headquarters can frustrate board initiated reforms is a familiar tale. David Rogers' 110 Livingston Street testifies to various strategies pursued by school administrators to destroy efforts undertaken by the community and the Board to integrate New York schools in the early and mid-60's. In D. C., downtown administrators helped gut recommendations emerging from the Passow Report.

Leadership provided by a superintendent and his relationship to the board of education determines the success or failure of reform. Silberman does not mention this formidable obstacle to change. The situation in Washington since Carl Hansen's departure is a case study of how the relationship between the superintendent and the board will--if not amicably agreed upon and continually nurtured--subvert most efforts to turn the system around.

The point of all of this is to suggest that knowledge of the school system's operation and institutional resistance to certain kinds of change is essential if major and basic reforms are to be initiated and sustained. It is a flaw of the book that no such analysis is present. Perhaps Silberman was too attached to the English model of reform which basically differs from that of this country both historically and organizationally, especially the role of His Majesty's Inspectors. Or perhaps he believes that the free schools and informal education that flourish in many private schools will become a silent, bloodless revolution encompassing finally the public schools of the nation. Maybe.

But by omitting an analysis of both the politics of reform and the major obstacles to basic change, especially in large school systems, Silberman risks the label of naive or, charitably, simplistic. He implies that only if men and women of good will will band together, change will occur. I would like to believe that. My experience contradicts it, however. Awareness of the complexity of initiating and, most important, sustaining reform measures is but the first step of a laborious--often grindingly slow--process. I think by omitting such a discussion, Silberman substitutes false hope for hard reality which, I feel, in the short run will produce enthusiasm and passion but in the long run will--as the institutional obstacles to reform emerge, yield frustration, anger and inevitably apathy. Attempts to halt the Vietnam war, mend our cities, and make brothers of us all have painfully experienced a similar pattern. A writer of Silberman's eloquence and good sense should not nourish two-dimensional reality.

Nonetheless, Silberman's book should be read. For me, it is the single best synthesis, thus far, of the radical critique of public school education and the argument for informal education. Read it.



LETTERS

Abortion ads

FOR Man's sake, stop the killing! And I mean all killing of human beings--in Viet Nam and in the hospitals and private clinics and public alleys! (I am referring to the ad you published on your May 10-23, 1971 issue on p. 3 re. abortions)

! Por el amor de Dios, no os mancheis las manos de sangre! !Ni en Vietnam, ni en asepticos hospitales, ni en humanitarias clinicas ni en sucios rincones! (Me refiero al anuncio que aparece en su numero correspondiente a la quincena 10 al 23 de mayo de 1971, en la p. 3 --abertos en New York)

P. Rutilio J. Riego
Centro Catolico Hispano, DC

The demonstrations

SAM Smith's indictment of the media for their coverage of the May 3-4 activities was well taken and unarguable. Yet, I suspect that the bias displayed reflected the general feelings of the population at large and I am wondering why this was the case. Second, what Sam did not discuss--the purpose and planning of the disruptions--seems to me to beg for discussion.

Before proceeding, let me clarify my position. Opposition to the war in Indo-China does not excuse any and all ill-conceived plans or ideas done in its name. Nor does criticism of anti-war forces *ipso facto* place one in league with the *Post*, craven liberals or Spiro and company. What follows are observations made in the course of the past few weeks. I was privy to no inside information from any source and may be open to correction.

As far as I know, the Mayday people made no effort to venture out into Virginia and Maryland to explain why they were going to stop traffic. A main strength of SNCC and SDS in their early incarnations was a willingness to go to the people, clarify a position and organize around it. Surely college students would have been willing to leaflet shopping centers, perhaps even ring some door bells and meet with suburban groups to drum up support. Instead, what we saw was explanation and organization by press release and manifesto.

Nor were such efforts made in the District, an area whose support one would have thought absolutely necessary for the success of the traffic stoppage. Few residents, black or white, seem to have been "keyed into" the efforts. And surely the proposed attempt to engage drivers in discussions of the war, once traffic had been

halted, was meant as a bad joke. Anyone who believed that could work, could believe anything.

As a result of this failure to build up grass roots support, the traffic disruptions could be considered largely the work of "outsiders"--as indeed it was. Thus the situation was ripe for the media to structure their coverage so that the whole thing would fall out as "us" against "them." Getting to work was proving a point; the disrupters, not the administration became the enemy. Sam Smith reports that few government workers were discussing pay raises or leave policies on May 3 and 4, but I bet a whole lot of them were talking about the hell of a time they had getting to work or when they had to get up in order to arrive in the District unhindered.

But what about blocking traffic? Had the issue been a local one--home rule or the commuter tax--such a tactic might have made sense. All rhetoric aside, what genuine connection can really be made between keeping thousands of government employees from work and stopping the Big Red-White-and-Blue-Machine in Vietnam? If we can transport thousands of troops to Asia in a matter of weeks, surely the architects and facilitators of our war effort can (and did) make it from the suburbs to their offices. Not for nothing were helicopters developed. But suppose the blockage had succeeded, what then? Did this tactic lead to anything other than being able to gloat "See, we could do it!"

Why, if this tactic was a serious one, were some twenty-odd check points made public two weeks before the planned disruption date? Did (Please turn to page 15)

The cover

THE artwork on the cover is from a new magazine produced by DC high school students: LAP (Language Arts Program). LAP consists of packaged individual foldouts in both black and white and color and is available to the public at \$2.50 a copy. It is both thinner and considerably more impressive than either the Clark or the Scott plans, and suggests that even the most diligent school boards, administrations and consultants can't suppress everything good in youth. To order a copy, write LAP at 1310 Vermont Ave. NW.

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Fortnightly honors

THE GAZETTE Fortnightly Honors for Services Beyond the Pale of Duty go this issue to:

COUNCILMAN JERRY MOORE, whose draft regulations for bicycles includes the provision that "no person, except the Commissioner, shall tamper with any bicycle which has been locked or placed in rack, a mountable rack, or otherwise secured." While we strongly support full self-government for the District, this particular grant of power to the Commissioner seems undesirable. The City Council would be better advised to provide the Commissioner with his own bike.

DC HEALTH DIRECTOR RAYMOND STANDARD, for maintaining a private medical practice in addition to his \$36,000 a year public job.

Shop talk

MARK WEINBERG, the newest member of our staff, comes to the Gazette from Nader's Raiders where he was a researcher. He has a master's in urban affairs from American University. Mark and his wife Pat, who is a community health nurse, live in Adams Morgan.

LARRY CUBAN, whose review of *Crisis in the Classroom* appears in this issue, teaches school in DC. His last DC Gazette piece, *Listen, Bill Cosby*, was reprinted by the Los Angeles Times and several other dailies around the country. He lives in the Neighbors area.

ROLAND L. FREEMAN, our photo editor newly turned columnist (see f-stop this issue.), had one of his photos featured in Time Magazine's coverage of the Mayday demonstrations. He lives on Capitol Hill.

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4 Gay Liberation in DC

(This is the second of two articles about homosexuality.)

Thank heaven, for little girls,
Thank heaven for them all, no matter where, no
matter who.
Without them, what would little boys do?
--Alan Jay Lerner

I. RED DEVIL

Meetings of the Gay Liberation Front in DC don't exactly come to order. They aren't supposed to. There is no president, no chairman, no recording secretary. There is really no organization. GLF is trying to avoid the pitfalls of special interest groups. If that effort has been successful, the members of GLF have nonetheless failed to avoid all the pitfalls of special interest people. But they're trying.

"We're a bit fascistic," a GLFer told me on the phone, when I called to ask about doing a piece for Washingtonian Magazine. "We demand that gay lib be covered by gay people. There was a Post story about us not long ago. Facts were changed and meanings altered. The writer's sexism and racism were apparent." Still I was invited to visit the Gay Commune on S Street NW, to talk it over.

New security procedures had been instituted at the commune. "We have to be defensive," I was told by Bruce, the voice on the phone I was now meeting in person. He was wearing small, round, dark glasses, had bushy sideburns and a droopy mustache. "I am not basically effeminate," he told me. He folded up his clean underwear as he talked.

"Since the DC dozen were indicted, we've been very uptight around here. The DC Dozen were the only people arrested in conjunction with the Revolutionary Peoples' Constitutional Convention. They tried to integrate a straight bar on Wisconsin Avenue. Now we've had narcotics coming around here, and one night during the convention we found some stash taped to the door of a medicine cabinet. The pigs had planted it there."

"What did you do with it?"
"We smoked it, of course."

The Gay Commune used to be St. Francis House, a regular, ordinary old commune, until last September first. It is a 3-story building, and at the time I visited it, 21 people were living there. They made regular appeals at GLF meetings for donations to pay the utility bills. Bruce stopped folding his underwear when it became dinnertime, and I was asked, under the security regulations, to wait in a front room while everybody ate. The two guys who had been sharing a stuffed chair in the corner--and the rest--went to the table, and I to the front room. Presently a shout rose up: "Grace!"--in unison. A few people wandered into the front room during the meal. One of them said to another, "Are you Red Devil?" and the other said no, he wasn't.

Maybe six months later I ran into Red Devil. At a "party." It was very dark. There were movies in the bedroom. The older guy giving the party had autographed pictures of recent American presidents on the walls of his bathroom. He was in some of the pictures himself. Later that night, while other guests were busy with other matters, another older man started an argument with Red Devil and another young gay libber--this one from Boston. The old man didn't like the street clothes they wore. He said he treasured the ability to buy 300-dollar suits. He said a man was nothing without a good suit of clothes. He said he didn't like protesters making a mess on the Mall during Gay May Day and the week that followed. He said he always looked nice because he wore 300-dollar suits.

Some gays, you see, do not want to be liberated. They are happy with their Judy Garland records. Some of them sit in the Georgetown Grill and poke fun at the activists. They accommodate--so they can keep their government jobs. And their 300-dollar suits.

II. WE'RE THE WASPS

The fact that Washingtonian Magazine's story on homosexuality in DC appeared in the publication's best-selling issue up to that time seems to corroborate my theory that Washington is the closet-queen capital of the world. I suggested running that piece in the first place (but did not write it) and, many months later,

suggested another--this time on Gay Lib. The editors were unenthusiastic, but agreed I should attend a few meetings to check it out. I thus had the comforting cover of "reporter" to explain my presence there.

Some old friends from AU greeted me that first Tuesday last fall at the Grace Episcopal Church in Georgetown. I was glad to see them. I was stoned, too, because I had been warned that there would be "considerable hassle" about admitting a reporter to the meeting. There was. Forty-five minutes' worth. It got more attention than any other subject that night. It was listed on the impromptu agenda--scrawled on the back on an envelope--as "hostile article for Washingtonian Magazine."

"Are you in sympathy with us?" I was asked during the interrogation. "I didn't think you wanted 'sympathy,'" I said.

Looking around at the 50 people in the room--including three girls--no, no, you wouldn't immediately appraise them all as being gay. A few are demonstrably "swish," but not many. A few are old, most are young, a few are black, most are white. There is, however, a lot of kissing. ON THE LIPS! Friends kiss friends hello. Friends kiss friends goodbye. A few married or near-married couples hold hands. A few other people just shake hands. Hair is long. Face hair is common. One guy wears a tie, sportcoat, and straight-looking glasses. "He's our conservative," a friend tells me. Dr. Franklin Kameny, president of the Mattachine Society, member of the ACLU board of directors, and later a candidate for DC Congressional delegate, is there. He interjects a few eminently reasonable remarks, some of which are scorned by the more radical gays. One of these was an organizer of whatever Yippie contingent there is, or was, at American U.

A gay person's first visit to a gay bar can be an exhilarating experience--just walking in the door. It is comparable, maybe, to Portnoy's dream of landing at Tel Aviv Airport: "I am in an airport where I have never been before and all the people I see--passengers, stewardesses,

ticket sellers, porters, pilots, taxi drivers--are Jews... Hey, here we're the WASPs!" Walking into a GLF meeting is even moreso, because here, everyone is not only gay but united--theoretically--in a quest for something other than tonight's sexual partner. The sense of relief probably stems from the fact that almost every gay male, at some early point in his life, thinks he must be the only boy on earth who likes boys.

It was the voice of a Washingtonian editor: "We don't want to ridicule these people," he said ('these people,' he said), "but we don't want to make them look too good, either."

I never wrote that piece for Washingtonian Magazine.

III. A MUSICAL INTERLUDE

"We kiss in a shadow, We hide from the moon/ Our meetings are few, and over too soon.../ Alone in our secret, together we strive for one smiling day, to be free/ To kiss in the sunlight, and say to the sky, / Behold, and believe, what you see/ Behold, how my lover loves me." (A song from 'The King and I')

IV. RIPE FOR A ZAP

Meetings of the Gay Liberation Front tended to be boring. An awful lot of people wanted to speak their pieces--and did. Sometimes the more interesting personal experiences related would be subsequently put down by the alleged radicals in the group who said that time had been wasted on trivia. There was constant stress between radical, liberal, moderate and semi-conservative elements of the group. Worse, there was a continuing game of what's-my-guilt? being played. One person would accuse another of racism and himself be accused of classism. "Where are all our black sisters?" somebody asked one night. "In women's lib," somebody answered. Then a former SDS leader declared, "Women were feeling a whole lot of (male) chauvinism within the organization, so they split." He then accused most people in the group of

(Please turn to page 17)

San Francisco's Metro: sounds like home

The March 19 issue of *Science* contained an article on San Francisco's 75-mile long Bay Area Transit system (BART), due to begin operation later this year. A few of the comments in the piece made San Francisco seem not very far away from Washington, DC:

... it was not ecology or job access, but the potential profits from land development and the rejuvenation of downtown San Francisco that prompted a group of influential businessmen to provide the push necessary to bring a transit system to the Bay Area.

As Larry Dahms, BART's director of planning, said in an interview with *Science*, "The thing about a bus line is that it can be moved. But a rail transit stop will be there day after day, and this allows for [real estate] development."

"Even without a single train running," declared a San Francisco Chamber of Commerce advertisement in *Fortune* magazine, "rapid transit has made an impact. BART has triggered a building boom in the billions of dollars." Many San Francisco residents, however, despise the new buildings going up in their city as part of the boom. A group of ecology-minded citizens, led by dress manufacturer Alvin Duskin, have termed the new skyscrapers "the Manhattanization of San Francisco" which is in no way intended as a compliment. Duskin took out an ad in San Francisco newspapers to warn that San Francisco would soon be "like New York or Chicago, where life has all the joys of the bottom of an elevator shaft--a crowded elevator shaft where everybody has guns." Indeed, one of the main contentions of the critics of BART has been that a transit system would lead to the overcrowding of San Francisco.

To sell BART to the public, rapid transit propaganda emphasized that the system would relieve rush-hour traffic congestion and implied that it would incorporate space-age technologies. Curiously, in spite of the many possible advantages of the new transit system, BART is unlikely to relieve rush-hour congestion. And the new technologies, while impressive, are evolutionary modifications rather than major innovations. By the BART planners' own estimates, traffic on the Bay Bridge, the main traffic artery affected by BART, will return to its current level of congestion within 5 years of BART's completion. Other planners estimate that the congestion will return much sooner. BART planners project that some 60 percent of BART's patrons will transfer from existing forms of public transportation and not from automobiles. In addition, many auto commuters probably voted for BART, not because they had any intention of using it, but because they hoped it would get the other fellow off the road. Actually, a high level of rush-hour congestion may be necessary to induce many commuters to leave their cars at home and ride BART to work.

Fares on BART will range from 25 cents to about \$1.50.

... by far the largest problem encountered by the project was its going broke when half-way complete. Cost overruns characterized most huge construction projects of the 1960's and BART was no exception. Time and time again, contractors' bids exceeded the planned costs, often because of last-minute changes to satisfy the demands of local communities. By mid-1967, BART officials admitted that the transit system would never run unless they obtained some \$150 million in excess funds.

... finally, in 1969, the California legislature voted an additional 1/2 percent sales tax in the three counties to be served by BART.

THOMAS SHALES

the city catalog

MEMO

THE DC Statehood Party, working with the peace coalitions, is compiling information for a book on the spring demonstrations in Washington. The material will also be used wherever possible in pending legal cases and a large class action suit. The party needs eyewitness, notarized accounts of all aspects of the demonstration scene, photos or film footage, documentation of any of the events, evidence of community support or antagonism (specific incidents), any descriptions of what was happening when people weren't under arrest, etc. Contact the office if you were arrested or have anything to describe or know anyone who does. . . . The SP also needs cassette tape recorders on a loan basis and volunteers to work on the book. To assist in this project call the DC Statehood Party at 293-6976 or go to its office in room 1019 of the Dupont Circle Building, 1346 Conn. Ave. NW.

THE PEOPLE'S Coalition for Peace and Justice has announced plans for continuous activity here beginning June 1 and continuing until a date for total withdrawal from Indochina has been set and until substantial progress has been made toward guaranteeing an adequate income of \$6,500 for a family of four. . . . One of the major first steps will be developing support for the filibuster on the draft in the US Senate. The Coalition also plans various lobbying efforts -- talking and meeting with congressmen as well as guerrilla theatre and civil disobedience -- similar to actions occurring during the People's Lobby week of April 25-30. For more information, call PCPJ at 737-8600.

HELP WANTED

THE Students' College of Arts & Sciences has need for persons skilled to teach in the following areas: sciences & technology, Latin and classical Greek, psychology. Telephone replies to 628-3326.

JOB WANTED

NEED workers in your home or office? The Job Co-op can provide dependable workers. Low rate, no fees. If you have work or need work call 387-3390.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED

VOLUNTEERS needed to help staff a cooperative day care center in the Adams Morgan area. We especially need male volunteers. Info: call Ski at 265-9509.

HIGH school or college student, high school teachers and a law student needed to work on a summer project concerning high school rights and exploitation of youth by corporations and government. Project involves investigation and follow-up action. Call Mike Jacobson, 483-7890.

MEETINGS

D.C. CITIZENS for Better Public Education is holding their annual meeting on Wednesday May 26, 1971. The meeting will be held at the Health and Welfare Council Building, 95 M Street, S.W. The business meeting will start at 7:45 p.m. and the speakers, Congressman Walter Fauntroy, and Senator Thomas Eagleton will speak at 8:45 p.m.

The City Catalog

SUBSCRIBERS: Individual subscribers may run free classifieds or announcements in the catalog (30 words maximum) provided they are not selling a commercial or professional service or product. Copy will be run up to two times and then dropped unless new copy is provided.

NON-PROFIT GROUPS: Non-profit groups may submit free classifieds or announcements (50 word maximum). Copy will run up to two times and then dropped unless new copy is provided. Non-profit groups may also submit free camera-ready ads no more than 4" square. Larger ads may be inserted at our non-profit group rates: \$1 a column inch, \$12 a quarter page, \$24 a half page, \$48 a page.

COMMERCIAL AND NON-SUBSCRIBERS: Commercial and non-subscriber ads may be inserted at our regular commercial rates: \$2 an inch for display advertising, 30¢ a line for classifieds.

DEADLINES: Send all copy to DC Gazette, 109 8th St. NE, DC 20002 or call 543-5850. (Please have desired wording ready when you call.) Deadline for next issue: noon, June 1

NATIONAL Capital Area Child Day Care Assn. will mark the fifth annual observance of Child Care Day with a luncheon Thursday, May 27, at noon. Guest speaker will be Mary Keyserling. Call 638-1272 for reservations.

GROUPS

INCREASE your awareness of what's going on in ecology in the D.C. area by calling the Washington Ecology Center at 833-1778. A non-profit tax-exempt organization located at 2000 P. St, NW the Ecology Center needs financial or personal resources to continue their work.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE GAZETTE

HEARINGS

METRO HEARINGS: There will be a hearing at Hine Jr. High on May 25 at 7:30 p.m. to discuss the Metro route down Penna. Ave. SE from 2nd St. SE to 15th St. SE including the Marine Barracks and Potomac Ave. Stations. Map, drawings and other information is available for inspection at the Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Authority, 950 South L'Enfant Plaza SW. These materials indicate the properties which may be affected and the businesses and residences which may be displaced by the proposed alignment. To get on the witness list, get a request in writing prior to 5 p.m. May 20 to Delmer Ison, WMATA, Room 133, 950 South L'Enfant Plaza SW DC 20024. Others present at the hearing may be heard after those on the witness list have been called.

THERE will be a hearing of the Zoning Commission on May 25 at 10 a.m. in room 12 of the District Building concerning zoning changes on Q St. NW between 6th & 7th St.; between 6th, 7th, N & O NW; and at the NW corner of 21st & L NW (planned general office building with retail space on the first floor and shopping arcade).

BENEFITS

CAPITOL Hill Montessori School will hold its 3rd annual Mexican benefit for the school scholarship fund Sat., June 5, at St. Mark's Church, 3rd and A Sts., SE. Dinner cooked by Mr. and Mrs. Robin Glatty. Food served 7 to 9, beer and wine till midnight. \$5 per person, \$2.50 tax deductible. Call 543-3727.

EXHIBITS

TREASURES from the Museum's Collection will be shown at the Textile Museum, 2320 S St., NW starting May 25 at 1 p.m. Gallery open to the public Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. Admission free.

CLASSES

ECOLOGY, languages, art, shorthand. Choose from nearly 100 courses at the Graduate School, U.S. Dept. of Agriculture. Summer Term registration June 1-5. Info: call 388-4419.

FLOTILLAS of the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary, fifth district, are conducting free Courtesy Motorboat Examinations at various locations during CME week, June 5-13. Teams of examiners from 22 flotillas will hold CME field days at over 36 area marinas during this time. Info: call 426-1077.

NATUROPATHY seminar, Georgetown Public Library, on "R" off Wis. Ave., N.W., Wed. nights, 7:45, free. Lectures on wheatgrass and sprout therapy, Cleveland Park Library, Conn. Ave. and McComb, N.W., 8:00, May 22, free.

THE Corcoran Summer School offers beginning and advanced courses in drawing, design, painting, sculpture, ceramics, graphics, visual communications, water color, photography and film making. Registrations now being taken. Program for adults: June 14-July 23. Program for young people: June 21-July 16. Info: 628-9484.

"THREE Capitals: Washington, London, Paris." Corcoran School Abroad combines travel and study in England and France with intensive studio work at Leeds College of Art, Yorkshire, England. July 12-August 6. Info: 628-9484.

A COURSE IN THE SCULPTURE OF DC will be given by the graduate school of the Department of Agriculture beginning June 9 from 6:10 to 9 p.m. every Weds. The course will include seven lectures and three walking tours. Course cost: \$44. Register by mail through May 26, or in person June 1-5. Info, catalogs etc. 388-4419.

A COURSE IN THE ARCHITECTURE OF DC will begin June 11 on Thursday evenings at the same time. Course includes weekly walking tour. Same registration details as above.

MISC.

MOUNT Pleasant-Adams Morgan Day Care Center needs Easels, mats, cribs, crib sheets, throw pillows, clay, high chairs, big rubber balls, rhythm instruments, bulletin board, black board, water paints, first-aid kits, small child's chairs, books and colored paper. 265-9509.

VACUUM cleaner needed for community day care center. Will pick up. Call Ski, 265-9509.

FREE Abbie Hoffman! Hoffman needs photos and eyewitness accounts of police beating him, 10:00 a.m., Monday, May 3, at Wisconsin Ave. and R Streets. He also needs photos of him at the prison compound. Besides crossing state lines to incite a riot, he's now being charged with assault and is currently out on \$20,000 bail. Send evidence to: Abbie Hoffman, Box 213 Cooper Station, N.Y., NY 10003.

DC IS conducting tests to determine the effectiveness of anti-pollution devices in automobiles after they have been in use. Testing will begin May 25 and continues for 5-7 weeks, using 1970 VW and American cars, light trucks and vans. Nobody knows how effective the anti-pollution device is on your car. The environmental Protection Agency (EPA) has contracted with Olson Laboratories and Automotive Environmental Systems, Inc., to determine what happens to the pollution control device after your car leaves the assembly line. If you own or know someone who owns a 1970 VW or American car call 635-0421. When you call this number, you will be told whether or not your car is eligible. If so, arrangements will be made for you to deliver the car, or for your car to be picked up. Tests will be at a time convenient to the owner, and a free 1971 car with a full tank will be provided while your car is at the testing laboratory. Your car and the loan car will be fully insured by Olson Laboratories. Cars required about 24 hours, most of that time is a "soak period," (when vehicle sits at rest and cools off). Actual testing takes less than 20 minutes. Owners are invited to watch their cars being tested. Owners will receive \$5 for the loan of their cars for testing. Adjustments and abnormal operations will not be performed or made. This is strictly a research program, and no action will be taken against any motorist for vehicle deficiencies. The test engineers will be glad to explain the results of the test and advise of any such deficiencies noted during the tests.

THE Washington Peace Center suffers from sweltering heat on the third floor of the Friends Meeting House in the summer. Two window air conditioners and someone to install and repair them are needed. Also needed: an electric typewriter. Call 234-2000.

IN OBSERVANCE of Memorial Day all branches of the DC library will close at 5:30 p.m. on Saturday, May 29 and will reopen at 9:00 a.m. on Tuesday June 1.

SERVICES

HOUSE-APARTMENT sitter. Mature professional man will live in while you're away. Best references. Call Mr. Shandler, LI 3-5000.

MOTHER NATURE on the run. Natural Foods Catering Service. Righteous foods, fair prices call 338-4006.

LITERATURE

WASHINGTON, 1971 edition, has been expanded to 575 pages and now includes nearly 4000 agencies, associations, bureaus, departments, firms, institutions, etc. in the D.C. metro area. Order now for \$2 pre-publication discount. Hard cover \$16.50, soft cover \$12.50. (plus tax of 66¢ and 50¢ respectively for DC residents.) Send checks to Potomac Books, Inc., MacArthur Blvd, NW, Wash, DC, 20007.

SECTION One of the Towpath Guide is now available. Guide is complete with photos, maps and detailed descriptions of points of interest along the way--the physical features of the canal and surrounding structures; historical events which have taken place along the canal; and the presence of nature as seen and heard from the

towpath. Covers the first 23 miles of the canal from Georgetown Tidelock to Seneca. Guide is available for \$2.00 plus 15¢ postage and handling from Potomac Area Council, American Youth Hostel, Inc., 1501 16th Street, NW, DC 20036.

DRAMA

YOU'RE A Good Man Charlie Brown will be extended at Ford's Theatre until September 4th. Tickets now on sale at the Box Office (347-6260), at all Ticketron outlets (659-2601) and at special Group Rates (638-2941).

FOR CHILDREN

CHILDREN'S Free School being formed in DC area--open learning environment--will begin with summer program and continue. For pre-school and elementary aged kids. Need more kids and concerned parents. Info: call Judy at 585-4774 or Barb at 462-0203.

FILMS

D.C. CITIZENS for Better Public Education invites you to see "Learning for a Lifetime: the Academic Club Method" by the Kingsbury Center Laboratory School on Monday, May 24, 1971, at 4:00 p.m. at the Motion Picture Association, 1600 I Street NW. This film shows a program developed in D.C. for teaching children with learning disabilities. A short film by the Lab school children called "Letters at Large" will follow.

WE are making films with the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. Their firsthand information will help you bring the war to your home town. Now Available: Winter Soldier Investigation, Detriot, Testimony from Veterans of the American Division. Info: WINTERFILM, 405 E. 13th St., New York, N.Y. 10009, (212) 260-1950.

FOR SALE

KLH FM radio \$98 new, for \$25. Morris Minor '61 conv., good for around town, \$100. Royal electric typewriter with automatic return, \$200 new, for \$85. Call Paula 11 to 9, 338-7874, leave message.

ORIGINAL batik paintings hand done on cotton cloth, some mounted on oriental scrolls. Traditional and abstract themes, call 293-2447.

RECREATION

HIKING: The Potomac Area Council of American Youth Hostels is sponsoring the following hikes in the coming weeks:

May 29-31. Back packing trip. Leave AYH office at 8:30 a.m. Sat. for hiking and camping trip in the Elkwallow Gap area of Blue Ridge Mountains. Trip limited to 8 campers. Return Mon. evening. Reserve by Monday, May 24 by 9 p.m. at AYH office. Cost: \$9.00 members; \$10.50 non-members.

June 6. Hawksbill to Big Meadows. Climb highest peak in the Shenandoah National Park. For more information call Harry Colman EM2-6656.

BIKING: Here are some bike tours in coming weeks:

May 26. Evening Bike Ride. Meet promptly at Towpath Cycle Shop, 2816 Penna. Ave, NW 6:45 p.m. for a leisurely ride via bike paths or trafficless streets. Cost: 25¢.

May 29-31. Great Eastern Bicycle Rally. Rochester, New York. Call Therese Lepine--232-3298 for further details.

June 2. Evening Bike Ride. Starts at Towpath Cycle Shop. See May 26.

June 6. Great Falls via C&O Canal Towpath. Good ride to begin getting in shape for longer and more strenuous ones. Bring beverage and lunch. Meet at 10 a.m. at Towpath Cycle Shop. Cost \$1.00 member; \$1.50 non-member.

DEPARTMENT of Recreation activities for May:

Spot Shot Contest, Watts Branch, 62nd and E Sts, SE, 4:00 p.m. (All Ages), May 26.

Oldtimers Softball, Trinidad, Childress and Holbrook, NE, 6:30 p.m. (18 and over) May 26. Hoppy Taw Contest, Sousa, 37th and Ely Place, SE, 4:30 p.m. (12 and under) May 28.

Washington Civic Opera Association, "Susanah", Constitution Hall, 8:30 p.m. (all ages) May 28 and 29.

National Symphony Orchestra Concert, Smithsonian Institution, 1000 Jefferson Place, 8:30 p.m. (all ages) May 30.

Music Extravaganza, Anacostia Park between 11th and Pennsylvania Avenue, SE (all ages) 6 p.m. May 30.

Dance Experience--Workshops for Careers in the Arts, Smithsonian Institution, 4:00 p.m. (all ages) May 31.

THE following is a listing of some of the major happenings of Recreation-Park Month sponsored by the D.C. Department of Recreation. All events are free and open to the public. June

1 Boys Softball League begins play at all recreation centers

4-13 29th Annual Outdoor Art Fair, art on exhibit and for sale, daily entertainment, workshops President's Park 15th & E Streets, N.W. 9:00 AM to 9:00 PM daily

5, 6 15 Outdoor Olympic-size swimming pools, 2 indoor pools, 1 indoor-outdoor pool. Open for Weekend Swimming, 10:30 AM until 6:00 PM.

5 Pitch, Hit and Throw - District championship. Fort Stevens Recreation Center 13th & Van Buren Streets, N.W. 11:00 AM, for boys 9-12. Registration at 130 locations.

5-13 Annual Tennis Tournament for Adult Men & Women. Rock Creek Courts, 629-7555, 16th & Kennedy Streets, N.W.

HEALTH

SMALLPOX VACCINATIONS will be given each Friday through May 28 at neighborhood health centers and clinics of the DC government from 1 to 2 p.m. No appointments are necessary. There is no charge. Clinics are at 850 Delaware Ave. SW, Potomac Gardens, Arthur Capper, 14th & W SE, 701 Kennilworth Terrace NE, 623 H NE, 8th & Xenia SE, 1325 Upshur NW, 14th & Que NW and 222 W NW. A clinic at 13th & RI Ave. NW will be operated each Thursday through May 27 from 1 to 2 p.m.

PHOTOGRAPHY

ELEVEN WASHINGTON PHOTOGRAPHERS: an exhibition and sale of prints at the Corcoran through June 20.

RETROSPECTIVE exhibition of photographs by Walker Evans, who recorded the bleak depression days of the nineteen-thirties, will be at the Corcoran Gallery of Art until June 27. The Corcoran Gallery of Art, which is open Tuesdays through Sundays, is free to the public on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. For further information please telephone: (202) 638-3211, Public Relations.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Portraits & community photography. A large selection can be viewed at your convenience. Call Michael Shapiro evenings at 547-6455.

ARTS & CRAFTS

OUTDOOR Art Fair, June 4-13 sponsored by the D.C. Department of Recreation, The Washington Post and The Sears-Roebuck Foundation. Cash prizes will be given to professional and amateur adults and scholarships to teenagers and children. Registration will be held at 15th and E Streets, NW on Thursday, June 3 from 2:00 to 8:00 p.m.; Friday June 4 from 8:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. and Saturday, June 5 from 8:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. and Sunday, June 6 from 8:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. Registration Fee: professionals \$2.00 per item; Amateurs, \$1.00 per item; Teenagers, 50¢ per item; and Children, 25¢ per item. Further info: 629-7208; 629-7378.

ERIC Rudd at the Jefferson place gallery, through May 29th.

THE Museum of African Art, closed for nearly a year during completion of an extensive build-

ing expansion and renovation program, re-opens to the public on May 30th with an exhibition of one of the world's outstanding collections of African art.

DRAWINGS of Washington, New York and Paris architecture by Michael V. Clark, and sculpture by west coast photographer Jerry McMillan (combining photography with brown paper bags) will be on display at the Corcoran Gallery of Art through June 6.

POTTERY CLASSES
NEW STUDIO NOW OPEN ON 8TH ST. SE
Classes are forming; 4 & 8 week sessions
543-9152
WORDEN ROBINSON ART POTTERY
SALES: WHEELS-KILNS-CLAY

MUSIC

THE Camerata Chorus will be performing on June 7, 1971, at 8:30 in the Hall of Musical Instruments, Museum of History and Technology. The program will be devoted entirely to choral works by Johannes Brahms.

THE Washington Civic Opera Assn., with the National Symphony Orchestra, presents a two-act musical drama "Susannah," which bases its music on hym tunes and folk songs, on Fri. and Sat., May 28 and 29, at Constitution Hall. Free. Info: call 629-7208.

RECITAL at St. John's Church, Lafayette Square at 12:10 p.m. on May 26. Robert Papineau, organist playing Bach, Messiaen, Near and Vierne.

GOSPEL Jazz Extravaganza, Meridian Hill Park, 16th and Euclid Streets, NW, (all ages) 6:00 p.m., May 31. For any information call Neighborhood Centers at 629-7466.

THE New Thing presents Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup at St. Margaret's Church, Connecticut and Bancroft Place, NW on May 25th at 8:30 p.m. Admission, \$1.00.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

Hard Times | Asia eats out

7

THE Indochinese war detracts attention from Nixon's play for economic domination of Asia. In a recent interview with the Washington Post, Peter G. Peterson, director of the President's council on international economics policy, explained Nixon's concern lest US corporations lose their grip on world trade. While Nixon believes in "open, peaceful competition," Peterson said, "he also believes we are going to move vigorously to promote our country's economic interests around the world. . . ."

"It is not that we feel we must lead in everything," Peterson explained. "However, unless we must lead in important respects and continue to grow in world markets, we will not have the spirit, will or the resources to shape the kind of world we want to live in."

What does this mean? Business reports suggest how we are attempting to "shape" Asian markets:

McDonald hamburgers recently entered into a joint venture with Japanese firms to build hamburger chains across the nation. Burger Chef will soon open its first drive-in at Tokyo. Kentucky Fried Chicken, Howard Johnson, Dunkin' Donuts, Collins Foods steakhouses, and Standard Oil of NJ, all are working on restaurant or carry-out food chain plans for Japan. They decided to plunge in after Coca Cola outstripped all Japanese companies in profits. Other companies will push their food products in Japan. Sunshine Biscuits will sell cookies. Kraft hopes for big success with Velveeta "American" cheese. Ralston Purina and Carnation are pushing dog and cat food. Borden will sell peanuts, popcorn and marshmallows. Wrigley's gum, which accounts for 60 percent of all chewing gum in the world, is eagerly eyeing the Japanese gum business, where it hopes to beat out local companies.

Detroit is anxious to get a firm footing in Asia. The big automakers base their Pacific Basin operations in safe nations--Australia and South Africa, then set up parts factories in countries where labor is cheap, (i.e. GM has factories at Taiwan and in Indonesia). In addition, they buy into Japanese auto companies. Detroit plans to build inexpensive cars--\$800 each--to sell in Indonesia. Last year Henry Ford II summed up his impressions after a trip: "In South Korea, Taiwan and Indonesia we see promising markets," he said, "and we see an attractive supply of cheap labor."

IBM, which controls 70 percent of the world computer business, is put out because the Japanese haven't let them in until recently. IBM wants to stop the Japanese computer industry, partly by entering the country and competing directly, but probably more important, by buying into Japanese computer companies through its world-wide control of patents. IBM, has won Commerce Department support in its fight to stop the Japanese from endangering its share of world computer business. The company reasons if the Japanese are not stopped in their homeland, they may attack the US and hurt the computer business for IBM here.

US lumber companies, led by Georgia-Pacific and Weyerhaeuser are locked in competition with Japanese firms to see who can down most trees in the hardwood forests of Malaysia. Timber is Malaysia's third most important export. Sixty percent of it comes from North Borneo states of Sabah and Sarawak. While Malaysia threatens to nationalize some timber operations, profits are still high over the short term. Weyerhaeuser's Malaysian subsidiary reportedly showed profits of 30 percent last year.

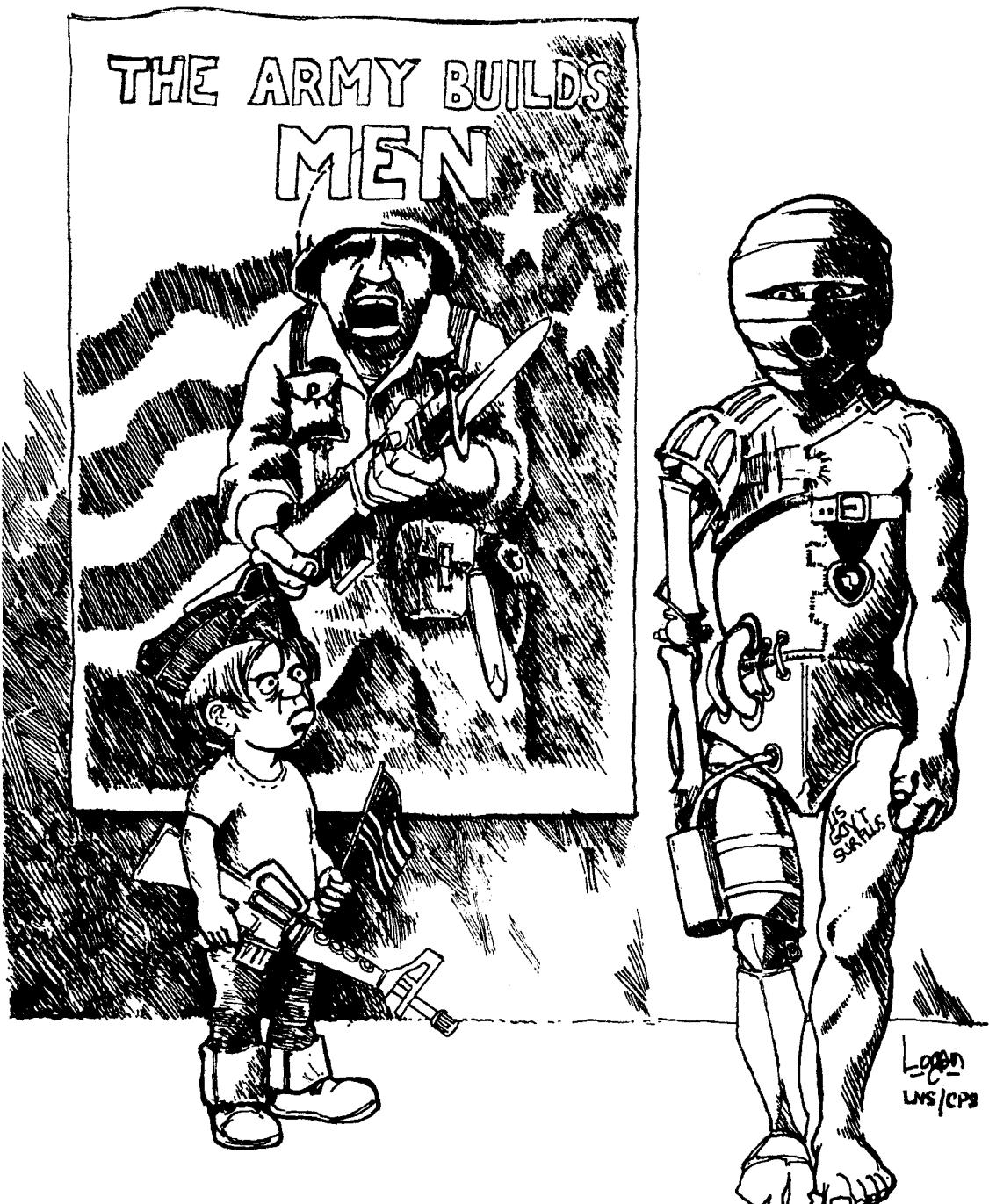
The biggest new forestry project is the Jengka Triangle scheme. The plan calls for clearing 93,000 acres of dense forest near the Malaysian--Thai border where Communist guerrillas operate. It is promoted and financed by the World Bank which already has spent \$21 million. Jengka Triangle is, on the one hand, a thinly disguised pacification measure. Cutting the timber makes it possible to build roads for the military. Settlements will be established where the population can be controlled. In addition, pacification goes hand in hand with profits for foreign capital. All the forest products are scheduled for export. US and Canadian lumber companies will cut the logs, and a major part of the financing will be assumed by the Pacific National Bank of Los Angeles. As usual, the drawing card for foreign businessmen is cheap labor. Not only is there timber, but plans call for creating rubber plantations. People will be paid a daily wage if they live in the new pacification settlements. That's supposed to be a lure. Rubber tappers get 12 cents a hour, part of which has to be kicked back to those who get them the job.

Conservation Note: "Vancouver CP--The possibility that a conspiracy against enterprise is behind opposition to the Alaska oil pipeline was suggested Thursday by Thomas Kelly, an earth science consultant from Anchorage, Alaska."

"Mr. Kelly told the Pacific Northwest Trade Association that all wealth stems from productivity, 'and if productivity can be squelched, then the American system is very vulnerable to collapse. . . .' He said that after observing the direction that economic progress is taking in Alaska, 'which is in reverse gear', he perceived 'more than altruism in wanting to protect Alaska's natural environment.'

The economic viability of the United States could be destroyed under the guise of protecting the environment, by stopping pipelines, pulp mills, mining and other industrial activities, he said."

(All rights reserved)



THE PROPOSED \$160 million private redevelopment of McLean Gardens will mean more traffic and provides Highway Director Thomas Airis with another excuse for building the North Central Freeway. Maybe Airis will run the freeway down Wisconsin Ave. where the Highway Dept. thought it should go in the first place.

Summary of Scott's Academic Achievement Project

Goal: All school personnel are directed to the pursuit of academic excellence by seeking the elimination of deficiencies by normal students in the acquisition of basic skills in reading and mathematics. This task is the most critical professional obligation facing all teachers, supervisors, and administrators. This goal is achieved only when normal students display individual differences as revealed by a normal distribution curve for measuring achievement.

Mobilization and Implementation: Mobilization and implementation are concurrent processes. The process of mobilization embraces the development of effective teaching procedures, instructional materials, and other supports. The system is geared simultaneously to the improvement of the quality of instruction and thus the level of student achievement while mobilization seeks to implement the components of the AAP.

Role Expectations: Specific role expectations are established for teachers, principals and other administrators as they relate to the implementation of the AAP. Accountability is attached to each role and self-monitoring is encouraged.

Accountability of Professionals: Teachers, supervisors, and administrators are held accountable for their individual and collective responsibilities in the educational process to the degree that it is within their powers to determine the ultimate results.

Staff Development: A comprehensive program of staff development has been initiated. This program is geared to meet the specific needs of school personnel so that they can cope more successfully with the critical components of the Academic Achievement Project. The staff development program seeks to give assistance to teachers by conducting ongoing in-service activities, cross-school in-service activities, regional workshops, leadership training and special university-sponsored courses.

Role of Supervisory Personnel: Supervisory personnel in the Division of Instruction have had their roles re-examined and many of their functions have been redefined and their services redirected in order to give more direct and effective support to the efforts of local school units to implement the components of the AAP.

Instructional Supports: The proposed reorganization of administrative and instructional services of the system is geared to bringing such services more directly and effectively to the assistance of teachers and administrators assigned to school units. Also, specialized teams such as the Peer Support Teams, Assistance Teams, and Assessment Teams are being developed to give specific needed assistance to principals and teachers.

Mobilization Teams: Mobilization Teams in reading and mathematics have been formed in all schools under the AAP. Steps are now being taken to broaden the scope and effectiveness of the Mobilization Teams by making them a more integral part of the process of improving instruction at the local school level.

Tutorial Services: The Tutorial Program reinforces regular classroom instruction by offering enrichment and individual attention to students who have demonstrated need for assistance in reading and mathematics. This program utilizes all possible resources including cross-age and cross-pupil tutoring, community (parent) tutors, senior high school and university student tutors.

University Liaison: The major universities and colleges in the area have established a working relationship with the school system's liaison person to universities and colleges for the purposes of establishing a bank of consultants for

the systems, improving the quality of pre- and in-service education for teachers, establish workshops in curriculum development, upgrading the proficiency of teachers in their respective disciplines, and expanding tutorial assistance.

Parental and Community Involvement: The goal is to have in every school an effective representative community structure which can provide opportunities for the community to participate appropriately in the conduct of school affairs. Also, parents and other adults are being actively recruited for service to the schools as instructional aides and tutors.

Homework Centers: All elementary and junior high schools have homework centers. In addition, centers have been established in fourteen (14) fire stations and a number of public libraries and churches. Operated after school and on Saturdays, the centers are staffed by volunteer personnel including tutors, teachers, counselors, public librarians and parents.

Teaching of Standard English: Academic achievement in all content fields requires mastery of the standard English accepted and used by the educated segment of any community. Our schools must learn new ways to motivate students so that they can add standard English to their repertory of language skills.

Oral and Written Communication: The emphasis of the AAP is not solely on reading and mathematics. Listening, speaking, reading, and writing are the inextricably interwoven language arts. The schools must accept the responsibility for developing all four of these essential and inseparable communication skills.

Heterogeneous Grouping: The concept of heterogeneous grouping is the best approach to grouping students for instruction. It is applied in the District's public schools with an equal emphasis on maintaining the integrity of the concept and providing an equitable placement of students for instruction in the various classrooms. The goal is to secure the best values from the concept of heterogeneous grouping while establishing a standardized application of it that has integrity and equity.

Minimum Floors in Reading and Mathematics: Minimum floors in reading and mathematics have been developed and serve to establish a point of reference for performance expectations for students at a given level. The instruction by teachers in the classroom is to be geared to the appropriate floors, and the minimum floors

are to be used as the reference criteria for reporting student progress to parents.

Pupil Promotion: The proposed promotion practice for the school year 1971-72 is that students will be retained if they fail to achieve the minimum floors, at critical grade periods 3, 6, and 9. Diagnostic and prescriptive help will be given to students who continually fail to realize the minimum floors in mathematics and reading.

Testing: The fundamental purpose of achievement testing in schools is to provide educators with information on which to base decisions about educational strategies. Systemwide decisions require broadbased assessment using norm-referenced tests. Classroom decisions are best made on the basis of criterion-referenced tests. Such tests provide teachers with diagnostic and prescriptive information about students.

Competition: Competition can be an important incentive for student learning if utilized appropriately. Thus, in the development of instructional plans teachers and administrators are to seek ways and means to ensure the constructive use of competition and other positive incentives.

Projections for Implementation: Detailed plans are developed to project the specific needs of the school system and how such needs are to be resolved in order to promote the implementation of the AAP. Projections are established as to when the various components of the Project are to be fully operational city-wide.

Assessment of the Project: The overall assessment of the AAP is the responsibility assigned to the Department of Research and Evaluation. Assessment teams will be formed under the supervision of the Deputy Superintendent to conduct bi-annual assessments of the degree to which the components of the AAP are being implemented in the schools. Also, Assistant Superintendents, principals, and teachers will conduct periodic assessments of their respective responsibilities to the implementation of the AAP. Since each component of the AAP has a direct influence upon the success of the Project, it is imperative that a sophisticated evaluation schema be developed that will provide continuous up-dated information with regard to the effectiveness of each critical component and their collective impact.

Heterogeneous grouping proposal

1. The grouping of children for September would be based primarily on performance on the reading tests administered in May, 1971.
2. Classes in given grades in a school would be overlapping in terms of the range of abilities in each.

Example:

Assume that there are 150 fifth graders to be assigned to five teachers, each having 30 pupils in his class. Arrange test results in descending order from highest score to lowest score.

Divide into groups of ten beginning with the highest score, then arrange as follows:

Teacher:	A	B	C	D	E
1st 10	2nd 10	3rd 10	4th 10	5th 10	
6th 10	7th 10	8th 10	9th 10	10th 10	
11th 10	12th 10	13th 10	14th 10	15th 10	

This arrangement maintains heterogeneity and at the same time reduces the range of abilities with which a teacher must deal.

With the adoption of this procedure, the Superintendent believes that the goals of the Academic Achievement Project will be more quickly realized.

Kids cont'd

status of others -- the school system, the teacher, the educational concept, the political system. Even Clark's well-founded frustration with educational fatalism stemming from racist assumptions leads him to make the child a tool of racial mobility, once again the insignificant subsidiary of a statistic.

The bumptious School Board member from Ward Seven, Edward Hancock, unwittingly provided the metaphor for both Clark and Scott in the course of criticizing the superintendent's proposal at a recent meeting. You can build a beautiful racing car, paint it up nice and set it

by the sidewalk, said Hancock, but you can't tell how it's going to run until it's on the track. The image struck me because I had been dallying about with a similar one. What Clark and Scott are talking about, it seemed, were not 146,000 children but next year's Elementary Fairlane, the new model Third Grade Torino, or the Senior Duster. Scott was not really an educator but the head of a new management team at the flagging division of a major automotive concern and Clark was his testy and unwanted consultant imposed upon him by the board of directors. The child was not really a student but

a passive vehicle to be modified, style-changed and better marketed to meet the competition. Like many urban planners, many educators pretend to deal in the world of flesh and blood, but actually find flesh and blood annoying and unwanted variables in their otherwise controlled experiments. Deep down one suspects that they have a strong distaste for people, those pesky creatures who refuse to align themselves properly along the sine curve. The child becomes to the educator as the affected resident is to the

(Please turn to page 9)

Kids cont'd

planner: a bothersome "input" into a depersonalized "system" that has a *raison d'être* far removed from the child or resident.

The game is to manipulate the "input" until it serves the "system" rather than *vice versa*, to see in the case of education how closely children can be made to react in the predictable fashion of inanimate objects motivated by mechanical and technological forces. In his report, Scott proposes that each teacher not only "utilize the Sequential Inventory of Reading Skills and Specific Objectives for Pupils' Performance in Mathematics" but also "develop individual profiles of children charting progress in skill in reading and mathematics and diagnose each child's learning needs in reading and mathematics and project goals for each child." To accomplish this latter task, Scott desires a "projection of scores by date and teaching goals." In other words, not only is the students' present status objectively definable but his future is objectively predictable, as well. By thy test scores, ye shall know them. The philosophy implicit in this is, as they say in the commune, heavy. It is not surprising, perhaps, that Anita Allen proposes to use the same simplistic evaluation on Scott himself and constantly presses the superintendent to project his own score by date and goals. The only difference is that if Scott fails to meet the goal by the specified date he won't be retained for intensive specialized instruction. "The name of the game," chirps Ed Hancock, "is accountability." And Mrs. Allen, Hancock and friends come from a time when kids were taught to count. What's sauce for the students is sauce for the superintendent.

There is, if one ignores his report and listens to Scott in person, considerable reason to feel that the new school chief will produce some healthy improvements in the system. In the flesh, he mixes the language of educational technology with that of human beings: "The teacher's task is to deliver a system with compassion." And he rationalizes that "if I didn't use 25¢ words you'd think I was a 10¢ superintendent." His report is, in part, a carefully constructed attempt to undercut Anita Allen's campaign to get rid of him and he can be forgiven at least some of the ambiguity and obeisance to educational faddism on the grounds of good politics. By an overrun of obfuscation, Scott has brought his stated objectives close to those of Mrs. Allen and her beloved Dr. Clark while still retaining a good deal of his ability to do what he damn well pleases.

In person and in action, Scott comes off better than he does on paper, and certainly justifies the current pleas to "give Scott a chance."

For example, the new teacher curriculum guides for junior high school that were quickly produced under Scott are far more reassuring than his own report. (On the other hand, the same office also produced a curriculum guide that amount to 71 pages of propaganda for Metro, indicating how easily educational innovation can be distorted for the political purposes of the state). There are signs that the provision of supplies for schools is improving and that teacher-instigated experiments will be more favorably received than in the past. The proposal to decentralize administration has merit, although one wonders why something designed to improve the efficiency of the schools should cost so much more money. And the moves towards an ungraded school system are encouraging.

Still, giving Scott a chance and providing him with some protection from the vultures flying in a holding pattern about two feet above his head ever since he arrived in Washington should not obscure the fact that the real job is to give the kids a chance. Given the choice between Allen and Clark or Scott, Scott deserves all the help he can get. But somewhere in the back of our minds should lurk the consciousness that there are other choices in education and that we better start making them.

A school system that hides behind the euphemism of "staff development" is not about to face up to the fact that it is dying, in part, because of crummy teachers. A school system that clings to parochial and absurd teacher accreditation requirements is not about to attract the new good teachers required. A school system that protects principals who go bawling to congressmen when the community becomes aware of their incompetence and tries to do something about it is not about to markedly improve its administration. A school system that insists upon line responsibility for minor decisions is not

about to clear away the superfluous administrative superstructure it has built over the years.

At the heart of learning is a student, a new experience and a guide to that experience. The students are there. It is the school system's job to provide the experience, through books, films, field-trips, classes or what-have-you; and to provide the guides to those experiences: teachers, in the broadest sense of the word, including professionals, non-professional adults from the community and the students themselves. The system must also provide the supplies and the facilities that make the experience work. Beyond that, the school system quickly becomes a bureaucratic burden, an encumbrance on learning rather than its aid. Scott doesn't propose to end that encumbrance, by permitting teachers the freedom granted other professionals such as doctors and lawyers, but merely plans and reforms to make the burdens of the chain of command less onerous. The teacher remains the second lieutenant in a system that still draws its inspiration from military headquarters and management suites.

The teachers, the voice from the Presidential Building warns, are not prepared for such freedom. Of course not. Trained as drones, many act as drones. Some could change. Others are merely waiting the opportunity to be themselves. And the rest? Well the rest have been and would continue to curse the school system. It would be harder, however, for them to hide than in the anonymity of the present system. It would be worth the cost to provide them with an early retirement.

With such a change, the Presidential Building would become a disaster area. Hundreds of superfluous functionaries would be thrown out of work. It would not be without the bitterest struggle that the administration of the system would give up its presently conceived role of taking line responsibility, as one School Board member put it, for what happens in each school on Friday afternoon. It would be hell, but it

would be worth it. The students and their teachers would recapture the schools and the administrators and consultants could -- like Lockheed, the Penn Central and other anachronisms -- seek loan guarantees from the federal government.

But that's all a dream. Back here on earth -- blessed with pragmatic trade-offs, objective criteria and diagnostic techniques -- we're setting new goals for 146,000 school children based on achievable projections of expectations. That means every classroom a model classroom. It means instructional supports and non-instructional supports. It means a Flying Squad to do the repairs and Red Line supplies. It means a Hot Line and Holiday Skill Kits. It means Prescriptive Learning Packets and 200 student decoders. It means Peer Administrators Consulting in Education -- that's P-A-C-E, folks! It means Mobe Teams and Functional Learning Centers. It means norm-reference tests and criterion-reference tests. It means Assessment Teams and Quarterly Regional Profiles. It means mini-courses and a check list with space to note whether the checkee "assumes responsibility for a feedback mechanism to disseminate information from central office."

All this and more is coming to your school system to prove that in this post-Sputnik age we can still teach reading, writing and arithmetic.

Oh yes, and one thing more. We're going to teach Standard English. No more of that ghetto slang that says what it means, kids. We're going to teach the value of the abstract over the specific, the obscure over the clear, the contorted over the concise, hedging over forthrightness. If you want to know what it sounds like, read Dr. Scott's report.

It's not a bad idea for adults to read it too. But be careful, though. It might lead you to the conclusion that some of them dudes igging the JAMs messin' over their minds down to school might really be on the case.

FILMS | JOEL E. SIEGEL Stolen from life

THREE naturalistic films, fictional but with deep roots in the documentary tradition, have recently opened in town. Although I prefer the more stylized cinema of Ophuls, Bresson and Godard, not to mention Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, that intoxicatingly unreal dream-movie revived on television last week, documentary-oriented filmmakers have produced some of the screen's greatest achievements. The decline of the studio system has virtually put an end to the lavish, artificial worlds of filmmakers like Welles and Minnelli and most of the best recent work in movies, films like *Loving and Ice* and *Raven's End*, has come from documentary-based directors. Young filmmakers with enough sensitivity and ambition to offset their lack of financial support are turning to the city streets and to the countryside in search of fresh visual and dramatic material. The result is a new, behavioral style of filmmaking which is rapidly becoming the prevailing mode of American cinema. These three films suggest some of the strengths and pitfalls of the new naturalism.

Don Shebib's *Goin' Down The Road*, at the Outer Circle 2, is an extraordinary achievement in neo-realistic filmmaking. Shebib, a Canadian with a Master's in film from UCLA, made the film, a full-length color feature, for \$82,000 working in 16mm which was subsequently blown-up for theatrical projection without much sacrifice in quality. (In fact, the slightly grainy texture enhances the film's effectiveness, the roughness emphasizing our feeling that it had been snatched away from life.) *Goin' Down The Road* is about two quite ordinary young men from Nova Scotia who go to Toronto to fulfill their media-based dreams of wealth and pleasure. The actors are so well directed that you will probably spend most of the film fighting against your awareness that they are performing for a camera. Doug McGrath is Peter, the more sensitive and ambitious of the two -- a lumpy-faced, coarser Jon Voight. Paul Bradley is the open, simpler Joey, a darker, goonishly handsome Huntz Hall. Bradley's performance, particularly in the wedding-party speech in

which he reveals that his bride is pregnant and confesses his love for her, is persuasive to a degree uncommon in movies.

Shebib and cinematographer Richard Leiterman could not be more accurate in their observation of Peter and Joey's world. Shebib understands and has sympathy for the innocence of people who rent luxury apartments quite beyond their means, fill them with pasteboard furniture ordered from ads in T.V. Guide and offer Kraft Dinner to guests. One detail struck very close to home. Last year I bought an atrocity -- a plastic scale with a clock face festooned with plastic fruits -- in a Los Angeles store called Pic 'N'Sav; it was, quite simply, the most tragically failed attempt at beauty I had ever seen. That same hideous, pathetic scale hangs in the doorway of a depressing rented room in the film, a desperation try at sweetening squalor. Only once, to my mind, does anything in the film ring false. Peter visits a record shop where he sees an ethereal girl listening to a Satie recording; the girl spurns his advances but he buys the record. This symbolic yearning for Higher Things doesn't quite suit Peter's character or background. It seems, instead, to be something that Shebib has appliqued onto Peter from his own set of values.

Goin' Down The Road is consistently affecting and wonderfully sympathetic but rather weak at the center; its reliance upon the chestnut about the rural innocents destroyed by the heartlessness of the city and finally driven to a life of outcast criminality might well have come straight from the pen of Dreiser, and I don't intend that as praise. Shebib's indictment of the city as heartless's capitalism in action might be better served by something more innovative than William Fruet's screenplay. (The dialogue, however, is unusually good.) Still, I rather hate voicing this objection because Shebib and his company have given us so much, such a deeply felt, wholly uncondescending portrait of the waste of some ordinary but nonetheless precious

(Please turn to page 10)

Films cont'd

lives. Goin' Down The Road is filled with the kind of desolate poetry that Five Easy Pieces aimed at and missed so completely. It is a sensitive, honorable film and I recommend it to you.

Ken Loach, whose first film was the affectively deterministic, pseudo-Godardian and quite dreadful Poor Cow, has redeemed himself with Kes, a very worthy second effort. You probably didn't go to see it at the MacArthur because you were afraid it would turn out to be something bloatedly Disneyish about a boy and his pet. To be honest, I had to force myself a bit, but I'm awfully glad that I did.

Kes is an open, refreshingly uncomplicated social film which owes quite a lot to Truffaut's The Four Hundred Blows. A young boy, toughened by the cruelty of his home life and the dullness of his Yorkshire village, begins to connect with life when he finds and trains a kestrel hawk. David Bradley, Loach's discovery, is absolutely perfect as the boy, scrawny, proud yet vulnerable, no better than he should be; it is, I think, a very great performance. Like Shebib, Loach reveals a deeply detailed understanding of human behavior. There is a gym class, run by a going-to-fat athlete, which takes the whole audience back to junior high. There's a pop singer doing lightly risque songs for the ladies in a neighborhood bar which captures just the right feeling of genial bawdry. There is an interview with a government employment agent which, although it comes straight from Truffaut, is scrupulously staged and acted. Best of all, and surprisingly so since I had rather dreaded them, are the sequences in which the boy trains his hawk. It will be difficult to forget the intimacy of those moments in which the unhappy spirit of a wild boy is partly tamed by his taming of a wild thing.

If Goin' Down The Road is somewhat blemished by the familiarity of its material, Kes several times is compromised by Loach's resorting to melodrama. The episodes with Freddie Fletcher as Jud, the impossibly bestial brother, are rather crudely contrived, presumably to prepare us for the film's too pat, bitter ending--Jud's killing of the bird. Jud, straight from Victorian melodrama, has no real place in Loach's undramatic, episodic film. Otherwise I have no criticism. Kes, made on a larger budget than the Shebib film, is very good to look at; Chris Menges' photography, dull blues and greens mostly, is oddly lyrical in its juxtaposition of mines and factories against the Yorkshire countryside. Some viewers have complained that the Yorkshire accents make the film too difficult to watch. I disagree. Admittedly, one may miss a few of the lines but our language becomes wonderfully fresh again when set to different rhythms and intonations. It is to Loach's credit that he does not betray the specificity of his characters by normalizing their speech.

Barbara Loden's Wanda, recently at the A.F.I. and due for theatrical release soon, is the dead-end of realism, a movie which I admire in several respects but which I wouldn't see again if my life depended upon it. Wanda, surely the ugliest of women's names, is a stupid, sluttish creature from Scranton, surely the ugliest town this side of Gary, Indiana. Miss Loden wrote, directed and stars as this woman who, by Miss Loden's own admission, has "no redeeming qualities." Nothing much happens. Wanda leaves her husband and child, takes up with a smalltime thief and loses him through her own dumbness. Miss Loden has admirably resisted the temptation of making Wanda a conventionally poignant character, of giving her the easy "human-interest" of Fellini's Cabiria. But she has failed to give the character adequate definition; the girl lacks everything. I have never known or heard of a person who did not possess some shred of pride or self-regard or some minimal apprehension of beauty. (That's what the plastic scale is about in Goin' Down The Road, and the cheap figurine at the end of Bonnie And Clyde.) Miss Loden has repeatedly stated that much of Wanda's character comes from her own early years, from her depressed Southern rural background and her years of exploitation as a young woman in New York. But surely Miss Loden had some desire to escape, some sense of herself which led her to acting in After the Fall and Splendor In the Grass and marrying Elia Kazan. Why, I wonder, does she deny Wanda those things which proved redeemable about her own life? Although Miss Loden

appears not to condescend by refraining from cheap sympathy, her refusal to grant this largely autobiographical character even a minimal humanity amounts to the same thing really. Is Wanda an exercise in self-hatred or should one believe Miss Loden's published admission that she has no idea what Wanda's problem is? Shouldn't she have gotten some idea before she made the film?

Wanda, also shot in 16mm and apparently processed at Drug Fair, is an extraordinarily ugly movie which, admittedly, rather suits its ambiance of littered roadsides and crumbling hotel rooms. There is a shot of the protagonist walking through a coal field which is so numbingly protracted that one gets the feeling Wanda

herself must be directing. Michael Higgins is awfully good as the smalltime gangster as, indeed, is Miss Loden as Wanda, but the characters and situations are so poorly defined and the dialogue so sketchily developed that one never cares very much about these people as individuals or as types. There are some lively moments, a well-staged bank robbery and, particularly, a shot of Wanda picking the condiments from a hamburger with her fingers and tossing them in a wastebasket which seems, beyond any rational analysis, a frozen image of a very special and probably terminal kind of American despair. This shot seems to be what Miss Loden is trying for throughout the film and so seldom achieves.

Moving the mail

A.H. BERZEN

A LETTER dropped into a mailbox at a Madison Avenue and East Eighties corner reached Washington seven days later, having first gone to Greenport on Long Island's north shore, according to its second postmark. A letter airmailed from Miami required six days to reach Washington. A Christmas card, sent from Anacostia on December 22nd arrived in Georgetown on January 15th.

Each of us probably has his own way of coping with the exasperation generated by the deteriorating mail service. Myself--I click on my memory machine and let the motor idle a bit before putting it into gear for the trip back to a Christmas school vacation many years ago when I worked in a downtown Manhattan post-office.

The "temporaries" hired to sort mail were placed, one after another, at a long, narrow table. In front of each of us, at the table's far side, was an upright cabinet of cubbyholes affixed with printed cards giving the name of geographical regions of the United States; foreign countries; continents; metropolitan areas; and so on.

Our job was to place individual pieces of first class mail into the appropriate destination slot. Near us were huge canvas hampers filled with cancelled mail waiting to be sorted. When one of the cubbyholes was full, we carried the sorted mail to one of another row of hampers bearing the place names corresponding to the cubbyholes. Every so often, someone came around to wheel away the "sorted mail" hampers and replace them with empty ones and, of course, bring a fresh supply of cancelled "unsorted" mail.

As it happened, I was situated at the last station in one of the several long lines in the huge room. Behind each man was a sort of seat a pole about three feet from the floor, atop which was a wooden surface perhaps eight or ten inches square. This seat, however, could not be adjusted to provide either a horizontal surface nor a perpendicular one, so that you could neither sit on, nor lean against it, comfortably.

Sorting mail is hardly calculated to engender excitement, and since the "seat" kept boring into my spine, I tried, after the first half hour or so, to converse with the "temporary" at my right; a blank wall was at my left.

He was a short, elderly man who merely nodded but said nothing, for he seemed to be concentrating on his job. He'd hold an envelope in both hands, study the address, stamp, cancellation mark, then turn it over and stare at the sealed flap, before consigning it, slowly, to one of the cubbyholes.

I thought him extremely conscientious, for he apparently had a faulty knowledge of geography and was being careful not to toss Utah into "New England" or Georgia into "Far West". And I noticed that whenever I carried sorted mail to a hamper, or brought back unsorted mail from another, my companion would wait a few moments then do exactly as I did.

By noon, my brain reeled in tandem with the blurred fuzziness of my eyes. Lunch helped somewhat but then, mid-afternoon, I felt a sudden blast of *deja vu*, as I found myself sorting a stack of mail from a bank.

Through the envelopes' transparent address windows, I could identify the contents as checks; probably, that time of year, dividend checks. I'd noticed them the first time and here they were again. Or were they? They certainly appeared to be the same as those I'd already handled. Was this particular bank sending checks to the same addresses in separate envelopes? It seemed hard to believe such extravagance of any bank, but easier to accept that explanation than suspect I was hallucinating.

My eyes resumed skimming over addresses and my hands continued flipping envelopes into slots. Then, minutes later, I picked up a letter addressed to a prominent actor--certain I'd already sorted it because, earlier, I'd noticed not only his address but that of the equally well-known theatrical producer who'd sent it.

Did anyone else on that long line have the same experience? I was reluctant to interrupt them -- they were all working so busily -- but I had to find out.

I turned to the man beside me. He was sitting--leaning on that ridiculous seat, staring at the pile of mail before him. He heard me move and quickly began poking pieces of mail into slots, one after another, without looking at either the envelopes or cubbyholes.

"Say, don't you bother to read the---?"

He looked at me and smiled, as if waiting for me to find the answer to the obvious question I suddenly found it impossible to ask.

In an accent I could not then, nor since, define, he said, "Connections."

The next morning, I was transferred to an uptown branch and given sacks of mail to deliver.

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The new opium war

FRANK BROWNING
& BANNING GARETT

THE trail that ends with an addict shooting up in DC often begins a half a world away. The May issue of *Ramparts* follows that trail back its source: SE Asia. Here are excerpts:

The connection between war and opium in Asia is as old as empire itself. But the relationship has never been so symbiotic, so intricate in its networks and so vast in its implications. Never before has the trail of tragedy been so clearly marked as in the present phase of U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia. For the international traffic in opium has expanded in lockstep with the expanding U.S. military presence there, just as heroin has stalked the same young people in U.S. high schools who will also be called on to fight that war. The ironies that have accompanied the war in Vietnam since its onset are more poignant than before. At the very moment that public officials are wringing their hands over the heroin problem, Washington's own Cold War crusade, replete with clandestine activities that would seem far-fetched even in a spy novel, continues to play a major role in a process that has already rerouted the opium traffic from the Middle East to Southeast Asia and is every day opening new channels for its shipment to the U.S. At the same time the government starts crash programs to rehabilitate drug users among its young people, the young soldiers it is sending to Vietnam are getting hooked and dying of overdoses at the rate of one a day. While the President is declaring war on narcotics and on crime in the streets, he is widening the war in Laos, whose principal product is opium and which has now become the funnel for nearly half the world's supply of the narcotic, for which the U.S. is the chief consumer.

The story of opium in Southeast Asia is a strange one at every turn. But the conclusion is known in advance: this war has come home again—in a silky grey powder that goes from a syringe into America's mainline.

MOST OF THE OPIUM IN Southeast Asia is grown in a region known as the "Fertile Triangle," an area covering northwestern Burma, northern Thailand, and Laos. It is a mountainous jungle inhabited by tigers, elephants, and some of the most poisonous snakes in the world. The source of the opium that shares the area with these exotic animals is the poppy, and the main growers are the Meo hill tribespeople who inhabit the region. It is the Meos' only cash crop. The hill tribe growers can collect as much as \$50 per kilo, paid in gold, silver, various commodities, or local currency. The same kilo will bring \$200 in Saigon and \$2000 in San Francisco.

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There are hundreds of routes, and certainly as many methods of transport by which the smugglers ship opium—some of it already refined into heroin—through and out of Southeast Asia. But there are three major networks. Some of the opium from Burma and northern Thailand moves into Bangkok, then to Singapore and Hong Kong, then via military aircraft, either directly or through Taiwan, to the United States. The second, and probably major, route is from Burma or Laos to Saigon or to ocean drops in the Gulf of Siam; then it goes either through the Middle East and Marseille to the U.S. or through Hong Kong and Singapore to the West Coast. A final route runs directly from outposts held by Nationalist Chinese troops in Thailand to Taiwan and then to the U.S. by a variety of means.

One of the most successful of the opium entrepreneurs who travel these routes, a Time reporter wrote in 1967, is Chan Chi-foo, a half-Chinese, half-Shan (Burmese) modern-day warlord who might have stepped out of a Joseph Conrad adventure yarn. Chan is a soft-spoken, mild-mannered man in his late thirties who, it is said, is totally ruthless. He has tremendous knowledge of the geography and people of northwestern Burma and is said to move easily among them, conversing in several dialects. Yet he is also able to deal comfortably with the bankers and other businessmen who finance his operations from such centers as Bangkok and Vientiane. Under Chan Chi-foo's command are from 1000–2000 well-armed men, with the feudal hierarchy spreading down to encompass another 3000 hill tribesmen, porters, hunters and opium growers who pay him fealty and whom he regards about the same as the more than 500 small mules he uses for transport.

Moving the opium from Burma to Thailand or Laos is a big and dangerous operation. One of Chan's caravans, says one awe-struck observer, may stretch in single file for well over a mile, and may include 200 mules, 200 porters, 200 cooks and camp attendants, and about 400 armed guards. Such a caravan can easily carry 15 to 20 tons of opium, worth nearly a million dollars when delivered to syndicate men in Laos or Thailand.

To get his caravans to market, however, Chan must pay a price, for the crucial part of his route is heavily patrolled not by Thais or Laotians but by nomadic Nationalist Chinese or Kuomintang (KMT) troops. Still supported by the ruling KMT on Taiwan, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's 93rd Division controls a major part of the opium flowing out of Burma and Thailand. Roving bands of mercenary bandits, they fled to northern Burma in 1949 as Chiang's armies were being routed on the Chinese mainland, and have maintained themselves since by buying opium from the nearby Meo tribesmen which they then resell, or by exacting tribute payments from entrepreneurs like Chan Chi-foo. As travellers to the area attest, these troops also supplement their income by running Intelligence operations into China and Burma for the U.S.

THE BURMESE GOVERNMENT regularly complained about all this activity to the United Nations, the Taiwan government and the United States, charging the Americans and Taiwanese with actively supplying and supporting the KMT, which in turn has organized anti-government guerrillas. In 1959 Burmese ground troops seized three opium processing plants set up by the KMT guerrillas at Wanton; the troops also took an airstrip the Chinese had used to fly in reinforcements. By February 1961 the Burmese had pushed the KMT troops southeast into the Thai-Burmese and Thai-Laotian border areas, where they now hold at least eight village bases. Just last year a reporter who was at Chieng Mai, Thailand, saw Thai troops and American advisors as well as military supplies provided by the Taiwan government. The Taiwan government, he noted, maintains an information office there and regularly accompanies the KMT troops on their forays into China to proselytize among the peasants of Yunnan province. These sorties are coordinated by the CIA (which is feverishly active if not wholly successful in this area), and the United States even provides its own backwater R&R for the weary KMT, flying its helicopters from hilltop to hilltop to pick up the Chinese (and the Establishment reporter who supplied this information) for organized basketball tournaments.

Although the KMT troops are often referred to as "remnants," they are not just debris left behind by history. They are in fact an important link in American and Taiwan policy toward Communist China. Not only does Chiang Kai-shek maintain direct contact with his old 93rd, but fresh recruits are frequently sent to maintain a troop level of from 5000 to 7000 men, according to a top-ranking foreign aid official in the U.S. government. And, as the New York Times has noted, Chiang Kai-shek's son, Chiang Ching-Kuo, is widely believed to be in charge of the KMT operations from his position as chief of the Taiwan secret police.

The KMT are tolerated by the Thais for several reasons: they have helped in the counterinsurgency efforts of the Thai and U.S. governments against the hill tribespeople in Thailand; they have aided the training and recruiting of Burmese guerrilla armies for the CIA; and they offer a payoff to the Border Patrol Police (BPP), and through them to the second most powerful man in Thailand, Minister of the Interior Gen. Prapax Charusathira. The BPP were trained in the '50s by the CIA and now are financed and advised by AID and are flown from border village to border village by Air America. The BPP act as middlemen in the opium trade between the KMT in the remote regions of Thailand and the Chinese merchants of Bangkok. These relationships, of course, are flexible and changing, with each group wanting to maximize profits and minimize antagonisms and dangers. But the established routes vary, and sometimes double-crosses are intentional.

In the summer of 1967 Chan Chi-foo set out from Burma through the KMT's territory with 300 men and 200 pack-

horses carrying nine tons of opium, with no intention of paying the usual fee of \$80,000 protection money. But troops cut off the group near the Laotian village of Ban Houei Sai in an ambush that turned into a pitched battle. Neither group, however, had counted on the involvement of the kingpin of the area's opium trade: the CIA-backed Royal Lao Government Army and Air Force, under the command of General Ouane Rathikoune. Hearing of the skirmish, the general pulled his armed forces out of the Plain of Jars in north-eastern Laos where they were supposed to be fighting the Pathet Lao guerrillas, and engaged two companies and his entire air force in a battle of extermination against both sides. The result was nearly 30 KMT and Burmese dead and a half-ton windfall of opium for the Royal Lao Government.

IN A MOMENT OF revealing frankness shortly after the battle, General Rathikoune, far from denying the role that opium had played, told several reporters that the opium trade was "not bad for Laos." The trade provides cash income for the Meo hill tribes, he argued, who would otherwise be penniless and therefore a threat to Laos's political stability. He also argued that the trade gives the Lao elite (which includes government officials) a chance to accumulate capital to ultimately invest in legitimate enterprises, thus building up Laos's economy. But if these rationalizations seemed weak, far less convincing was the general's assertion that, since he is in total control of the trade now, when the time comes to put an end to it he will simply put an end to it.

CONTROL OF THE OPIUM TRADE has not always been in the hands of the Lao elite, although the U.S. has been at least peripherally involved in who the beneficiaries were since John Foster Dulles's famous 1954 commitment to maintain an anti-communist Laos. The major source of the opium in Laos has always been the Meo growers, who were selected by the CIA as its counterinsurgency bulwark against the Pathet Lao guerrillas. The Meos' mountain bastion is Long Cheng, a secret base 80 miles northeast of Vientiane, built by the CIA during the 1962 Geneva Accords period. By 1964 Long Cheng's population was nearly 50,000, comprised largely of refugees who had come to escape the war and who were kept busy growing poppies in the hills surrounding the base.

The secrecy surrounding Long Cheng has hidden the trade from reporters. But security has not been complete: Carl Strock reported in the January 30 *Far Eastern Economic Review*, "Over the years eight journalists, including myself, have slipped into Long Cheng and have seen American crews loading T-28 bombers while armed CIA agents chatted with uniformed Thai soldiers and piles of raw opium stood for sale in the market (a kilo for \$52). It's old hat by now, but Long Cheng is still so secret that in the past year both the U.S. embassy press attaché and the director of USAID's training center were denied clearance to visit the mountain redoubt." The CIA not only protects the opium in Long Cheng and various other pick-up points, but also gives clearance and protection to opium-laden aircraft flying out.

For some time, the primary middle-men in the opium traffic had been elements of the Corsican Mafia, identified in a 1966 United Nations report as a pivotal organization in the flow of narcotics. In a part of the world where transportation is a major problem and where air transport is a solution, the Corsicans were able to parlay their vintage World War II airplanes (called "the butterfly fleet" or, according to "Pop" Buell, U.S. citizen-at-large in the area, "Air Opium") into a position of control. But as the Laotian civil war intensified in the period following 1963, it became increasingly difficult for the Corsicans to operate, and the Meos started to have trouble getting their crop out of the hills in safety.

The vacuum that was created was quickly filled by the Royal Lao Air Force, which began to use helicopters and planes donated by the U.S. not only for fighting the Pathet Lao but also for flying opium out from airstrips pockmarking the Laotian hills. This arrangement was politically more advantageous than prior ones, for it consolidated the interests of all the anti-communist parties. The enfranchisement of the Lao elite gave it more of an incentive to carry on the war Dulles had committed the U.S. to back; the safe transport of the Meos' opium by an ideologically sanctioned network increased the incentive of these CIA-equipped and-trained tribesmen to fight the Pathet Lao. The U.S. got parties that would cooperate with its foreign policy not only for political reasons, but on more solid economic grounds. Opium was the economic cement binding all the parties together much more closely than anti-communism could.

As this relationship has matured, Long Cheng has become a major collection point for opium grown in Laos. CIA protégé General Vang Pao, former officer for the French colonial army and now head of the Meo counterinsurgents, uses his U.S.-supplied helicopters and STOL (short-take-off-and-landing) aircraft to collect the opium from the surrounding area. It is unloaded and stored in hatches in Long Cheng. Some of it is sold there and flown out in Royal Laotian Government C-47s to Saigon or the Gulf of Siam or the South China Sea, where it is dropped to waiting fishing boats. Some of the opium is flown to Vientiane, where

it is sold to Chinese merchants who then fly it to Saigon or to the ocean drops.

Prior to Nixon's blitzkrieg in Laos, the opium trade was booming. Production had grown rapidly since the early '50s to a level of 175-200 tons a year, with 400 of the 600 tons produced in Burma, and 50-100 tons of that grown in Thailand, passing through Laotian territory. But if the opium has been an El Dorado for the Corsicans, the Lao elite, the CIA and others, it has been a nemesis for the Meo tribesmen. For in becoming a pawn in the larger strategy of the U.S., the Meos have seen the army virtually wiped out, with the average age of recruits now 15 years, and their population reduced from 400,000 to 200,000. The Meos' reward for CIA service, in other words, has been their destruction as a people.

The route from Laos to Saigon has long been one of the well-established trails of the heroin-opium trade. In August 1967, a C-47 transport plane carrying two-and-a-half tons of opium and some gold was forced down near Da Lat, South Vietnam, by American gunners when the pilot failed to identify himself. The plane and its precious cargo, reportedly owned by General Rathikoune's wife, were destined for a Chinese opium merchant and piloted by a former KMT pilot, L. G. Chao. Whatever their ownership, the dope-running planes usually land at Tan Son Nhut airbase, where they are met in a remote part of the airport with the protection of the airport police.

Adding glamour to the labyrinthine intrigue of Vietnam's opium trade throughout the late 1950s and early '60s was the famous Madame Nhu, the Dragon Lady of Saigon. Madame Nhu was in a position to be very likely coordinator for the entire domestic opium traffic in Vietnam; yet so great is the power she still wields from her palatial exile in Paris that she has intimidated one American publisher and kept him from publishing the story. In his book *Mr. Pop*, Don Schanche, former editor of *Horizon* and former managing editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, recounts the following interchange on the Plain of Jars during August 1960 between Edgar "Pop" Buell—the Indiana farmer who left his home to work with the Meo tribespeople—and a local restaurateur:

... Buell drove with Albert [Fouré] to Phong Savan and watched from the side of the airstrip as a modern twin-engined plane took on a huge load of opium. Beneath the wing, talking heatedly with the plane's Corsican pilot, was a slender woman dressed in long white silk pants and *ao d'ai*, the side-slit, high-necked gown of Vietnam. Her body was exquisitely formed, and her darkly beautiful face wore a clear expression of authority. Even Buell could see that she was Vietnamese, not Lao.

"Zat," said Fouré, "is ze grande madame of opium from Saigon." Edgar never learned her name, but he recognized the unforgettable face and figure when the picture of an important South Vietnamese politician appeared months later in an American news magazine.

Though Schanche's publisher, David McKay Co., refused to publish her name for fear of reprisals, the unforgettable face was that of Madame Nhu.

BUT SAIGON'S OPIUM TRADE is not new. Its history stretches back to 1949, when the French appointed former Vietnamese Emperor Bao Dai as chief of state. Bao Dai brought with him as chief of police Bay Vien, the undisputed leader of Saigon's criminal underground, which controlled not only the gambling and narcotics trade in Saigon but also the important Chinese suburb of Cholon. Bao Dai and Bay Vien held power until they were displaced after the 1954 Geneva Accords by Ngo Dinh Nhu, Diem's brother. Nhu had gained prominence in Vietnam as an organizer of a Catholic trade union movement modeled after the French Force Ouvrière, which the CIA had helped supply in the 1940s to break France's communist dockworkers' union, the CGT.

At first Nhu feigned support for Bay Vien and Bao Dai, but by the end of 1955 he had taken control of the Saigon secret police and—thereby—the city's opium and heroin trade as well. Just as the Nhus were consolidating their own power, a little-known figure entered the Diem military apparatus—a man who through the years would carefully extend his control over the air force and end up eventually heir not only to the South Vietnamese government but to the opium and heroin trade as well. That man was Nguyen Cao Ky, who had just returned from Algeria to take charge of the South Vietnamese air transport's C-47 cargo planes.

At what particular point in time Ky became involved with the Nhus in the opium trade is not known, but by the end of the '50s he was cutting quite a figure in Saigon's elite circles. In an interview with *RAMPARTS*, retired Marine Corps Colonel (and author of the book *The Betrayal*) William Corson described Ky's life in the late 1950s in the following fashion: "Ky of course was a colonel in the Air Force back then and he used to have these glittering cocktail parties at the top of the Caravelle [Hotel] in Saigon.

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He laid out a fantastic spread—which was all very interesting because the amount of money he made as a soldier was maybe \$25 to \$30 a month and he didn't have any other outside income."

The first real light shed on the possible sources of Ky's extracurricular income came only in the spring of 1968, when Senator Ernest Gruening revealed that four years earlier Ky had been in the employ of the CIA's "Operation Haylift," a program which flew South Vietnamese agents "into North Vietnam for the purpose of sabotage, such as blowing up railroads, bridges, etc." More important, Ky was fired, Gruening's sources claimed, for having been caught smuggling opium from Laos back into Saigon. Significantly, Ky and his flight crews were replaced by Nationalist Chinese Air Force pilots.

Neither the CIA, the Pentagon, nor the State Department ever denied Ky worked on Operation Haylift. Nor did they deny that he had smuggled opium back into Saigon. However, a U.S. embassy spokesman categorically denied Ky was ever fired from "any position by any element of the U.S. Government for opium smuggling or for any other reason." When Ky came to power in February 1965, most observers supposed he had relinquished participation in the opium traffic (although it was "common knowledge" that Madame Ky had replaced Madame Nhu as Saigon's Dragon Lady and dealt in opium directly with Prince Boun Oum in Southern Laos). However, a high Saigon military official to whom Ky at one time offered a place in the opium traffic says Ky continued to carry loads ranging from 2000 to 3000 kilos of opium from Pleiku to Saigon in the spring of 1965 after he had assumed power and after Operation Haylift had been discontinued. Those runs included regular pickups near Dak To, Kon Tum and Pleiku. Since then there has been no indication that Ky has in any way altered the transport. Corson, who returned to Vietnam in 1965, observed that Ky's involvement in the trade had become so routine that it had lost almost all its adventure and intrigue.

WITH GROSS RETURNS from the Indochinese traffic running anywhere from \$250 to \$500 million per year, opium is one of the kingpins of Southeast Asian commerce. Indochina has not always had such an enviable position. Historically most of the world's supply of opium and heroin came through well-established routes from Turkey, Iran and China. Then it was refined in chemical kitchens and warehouse factories in Marseille. The Mediterranean trade was controlled by the Corsican Mafia (which itself has long been related to such American crime lords as Lucky Luciano, who funneled a certain amount of dope into the black ghettos). But high officials in the narcotics control division of the Canadian government, and in Interpol, the International Police Agency, confirm that since World War II—and paralleling the U.S. expansion in the Pacific—there has been a major redirection in the sources and routing of the worldwide opium traffic.

According to the United Nations Commission on Drugs and Narcotics, since at least 1966 80 percent of the world's 1200 tons of illicit opium has come from Southeast Asia—directly contradicting most official U.S. claims that the primary sources are Middle Eastern. In 1966 Interpol's former Secretary General Jean Nepote told investigators from Arthur D. Little Research Institute (then under contract to the U.S. Government Crime Commission) that the Fertile Triangle was a principal production center of opium. And last year an Iranian government official told a United Nations seminar on narcotics control that 83 percent of the world's illegal supply originated in the Fertile Triangle—the area where opium is controlled by the U.S.-supplied troops of Laos and Nationalist China.

It is odd that the U.S. government, with the most massive Intelligence apparatus in history, could miss this innovation. But though it may seem to be an amazing oversight, what has happened is that Richard Nixon and the makers of America's Asian policy have completely blanked Indochina out of the world narcotics trade. Not even Joe Stalin's removal of Trotsky from the Russian history books parallels this historical reconstruction. In his recent State of the World address, Richard Nixon dealt directly with the international narcotics traffic. "Narcotics addiction has been spreading with pandemic virulence," he said, adding that "this affliction is spreading rapidly and without the slightest respect for national boundaries." What is needed is "an integrated attack on the demand for [narcotics], the supply of them, and their movement across international borders. . . . We have," he says, "worked closely with a large number of governments, particularly Turkey, France, and Mexico, to try to stop the illicit production and smuggling of narcotics." (authors' emphasis)

It is no accident that Nixon has ignored the real sources of narcotics trade abroad and by so doing has effectively precluded any possibility of being able to deal with heroin at home. It is he more than anyone else who has underwritten that trade through the policies he has formulated, the alliances he has forged, and most recently the political appointments he has made. For Richard Nixon's rise to power has been intricately interwoven with the rise of proponents of America's aggressive strategy in Asia, a group of people loosely called the "China Lobby" who have been in or near political power off and on since 1950.

Among the most notable members of the "China Lobby" are Madame Anna Chennault, whose husband, General Claire Chennault, founded Air America; columnist Joe Alsop; FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover; former California Senator William Knowland; and Ray Cline, currently Chief of Intelligence for the State Department.

In 1954 Chiang Kai-shek formed the Asian People's Anti-Communist League (APACL), which was to become one of the vital links between the China Lobby and the Taiwan government. (It was also in that year Nixon urged that U.S. troops be sent into Indochina following the French defeat in Dien Bien Phu—a proposal which failed because of the lack of public support for such policy following the Korean war.) As soon as the APACL was formed, Chiang announced that it had established "close contact" with three American politicians—the most important of whom was Vice President Richard Nixon.

OVER THE YEARS THE CHINA LOBBY has continued to spring to Nixon's support. It was Madame Chennault, co-chairman in 1968 of Women for Nixon-Agnew Advisory Committee, who helped raise a quarter of a million dollars for the campaign; it was she who just before the election entered into an elaborate set of arrangements to sabotage a White House peace plan. Within 30 hours of the announced plan, South Vietnam President Thieu rejected the new negotiations it proposed—a rejection Madame Chennault had helped arrange as a last-minute blow at Hubert Humphrey and the Democrats.

The entire cast of the China Lobby has relied on one magic corporation, the same corporation established just after World War II by General Claire Chennault as Civil Air Transport and renamed in the 1950s Air America. Carrier not only of men and personnel for all of Southeast Asia, but also of the policies that have turned Indochina into the third bloodiest battlefield in American history, Air America's chief contract is with the American Central Intelligence Agency.

Air America brings Brahmin Bostonians and wealthy Wall Streeters who are the China Lobby together with some of the most powerful men in Nationalist China's financial history. One of its principal services has been to fly in support for the "remnant" 93rd Division of the KMT, the "opium army" in Burma; another has been as a major carrier of opium itself. Air America flies through all of the Laotian and Vietnamese opium pick-up points, for aside from the private "butterfly fleet" and various military transports, Air America is the "official" Indochina airline. A 25-year-old black man recently returned from Indochina told RAMPARTS of going to Vietnam in late 1968 as an adventurer, hoping to get in on the dope business. But he found that the business was all controlled by a "group like the Mafia. It was tight and there wasn't room for me." The only way he could make it in the dope trade, he says, was to go to work for Air America as a mechanic. He found there "was plenty of dope in Laos—lots of crystals [heroin] all over the place." Air America was the only way to get in on it.

WHAT HAS TAKEN PLACE in Indochina is more than a flurry of corruption among select dramatis personae in America's great Asian Drama. The fact that Meo tribesmen have been nearly wiped out, that the Corsican Mafia's Air Opium has been supplanted by the CIA's Air America, that Nationalist Chinese soldiers operate as narcotics bandits, that such architects of U.S. democracy for the East as the Nhus and Vice President Ky have been dope runners—these are only the bizarre cameo roles in a larger tragedy that involves nothing less than the uprooting of what had been the opium trade for decades—through the traditional lotus-land of the Middle East into Western Europe—and the substitution of another network, whose shape is parallel to that of the U.S. presence in Southeast Asia. The ecology of narcotics has been disrupted and remade to coincide with the structure of America's Asia strategy—the stealthy conquest of a continent to serve the interests of the likes of the China Lobby.

The shift in the international opium traffic is also a metaphor for what has happened in Southeast Asia itself. As the U.S. has settled in there, its presence radiating a nimbus of genocide and corruption, armadas of airplanes have come to smash the land and lives of a helpless people; mercenary armies have been trained by the U.S.; and boundaries reflecting the U.S. desires have been established, along with houses of commerce and petty criminality created in the American image. One of the upshots has been that the opium trade has been systematized, given U.S. technological expertise and a shipping and transportation network as pervasive as the U.S. presence itself. The piratical Corsican transporters have been replaced by pragmatic technocrats carrying out their jobs with deadly accuracy. Unimpeded by boundaries, scruples or customs agents, and nurtured by the free flow of military personnel through the capitals of the Orient, the United States has—as a reflex of its warfare in Indochina—built up a support system for the trade in narcotics that is unparalleled in modern history.

The U.S. went on a holy war to stamp out communism

and to protect its Asian markets, and it brought home heroin. It is a fitting trade-off, one that characterizes the moral quality of the U.S. involvement. This ugly war keeps coming home, each manifestation more terrifying than the last; home to the streets of the teeming urban ghettos and the lonely suburban isthmus where in the last year the number of teenage heroin addicts has taken a quantum leap forward. Heroin has now become the newest affliction of affluent America—of mothers in Westport, Connecticut, who only wanted to die when they

traced track-marks on their daughters' elegant arms; or of fathers in Cicero, Illinois, speechless in outrage when their conscripted sons came back from the war bringing home a blood-stained needle as their only lasting souvenir.

Researchers for RAMPARTS' report on opium traffic and the war were Michael Aldrich, Adam Bennion and Joan Medlin. Special thanks go to author Peter Scott for permission to draw on unpublished material regarding Laos and the China Lobby.

The Love Song of J. Edgar Hoover

Let us go then, F. B.I.

When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a criminal at sleep upon his bunk;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of drug fiends, assassins, hippy pads,
Pornographers, and communist inspired fads:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead us to the hidden chambers of contempt. . .
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the people come and go
Talking of Joe Dimaggio.

Indeed there will be time
For the yellow tear gas that slides along the streets
Burning the eyes of leftist hippy freaks.
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be a time for murder and for hate
And time for all the crimes and derelictions
And for a hundred visions and revisions
Before the filing of the charges and the plea.

In the room the people come and go
Talking of Joe Dimaggio.

Do I dare
Be a little more perverse?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which the High Court might reverse.

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the hash pipes
Of hairy men in blue jeans, behind closed, darkened windows.

I should have been a pair of hand cuffs
Scuttling through the doors of court rooms.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the chase, the capture, and the testimony,
Among the court rooms, among some talk of you and me;
Would it have been worth while,
To have left the matter open at the trial.

I grow old. . . I grow old. . .
Of that the Congress should not be told.

I shall be a patriot and shun what commies teach.
I shall wear blue denim overalls and walk upon the breach.
I have heard the prisoners singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them huddled friendless in their cells
Numbered people walking down the hall
Waiting for the evening supper call.
We have lingered in the chambers of the jail
By prisoners clothed in prison black and grey
Till human voices wake us at the day.

BRUCE THOMPSON

(from Chinook)

ART | ANDREA O. COHEN

ART | The Corcoran's new boss

ON April 26, the trustees of the Corcoran accepted "Aldus Chapin's suggestion" that his post as executive vice-president be abolished, and direction of the gallery and the art school passed into the hands of an operations committee headed by Vincent Melzac. Within less than two weeks, Melzac fired a number of key executives, changed the responsibilities of others and abolished or shifted the duties of many administrative offices. On May 13, we talked over lunch.

AOC: Remember that article Paul Richard wrote about you a few days ago?

Vincent Melzac: How could I forget?

AOC: He made you sound like a mafioso shyster and you don't seem...

VM: You don't think I'm tough?

AOC: I'm sure you're tough, but you don't give the impression of a desk-pounding head smasher.

VM: You don't have to do it that way.

'Who's this guy Melzac,' I heard a guy asking another at a cocktail party a couple of days ago. 'He's a son of a bitch who cares,' was the answer. Richard is absolutely right about one thing. I never made a decision before having all the facts, but then--I don't hesitate. I use no magic formulas, just sound business practices; it's what I'm used to. I've always driven a hard bargain, gotten as much as I could for my money and am doing the same for the Corcoran. During the last two weeks I stopped two construction projects; one was a plan to rebuild an entire wall in the basement of the school. I asked: 'who authorized this and how much is it costing?' Fifty to 70,000, I was told, and work was to start Monday morning. I stopped it on the spot. We could hardly make the week's payroll.

AOC: When word of Chapin's resignation came out, I heard people expressing the view that now everyone's in charge of nothing and no one's in charge of everything. They were wrong, right?

VM: Right. I'm responsible for decisions on a day to day basis. I know there are a lot of people who don't like that. It's not a pleasant job, firing people--even if they should have been released years ago. I'm not interested in being a popular man; I've got a job to do and that's to make the Corcoran run.

It all started about a year ago, when we had a flood in the basement. Paintings and antiques were damaged. When we put in a claim to the insurance company, they came, investigated and said 'what are we doing insuring this thing? It's an uninsurable property according to current standards.' We went to a Rochester, N.Y. consulting firm. The resulting Smith Report pointed out that we'd have to put up some 350 to 375,000 to modernize the building. I'm vague about the figures, but the point is we have a building with bad wires, among other things, and we have to repair it. Also how can we entice people to become members of an institution with glaring defects? (The day after this conversation the Corcoran announced that a \$200,000 grant was made to the museum by the Richard King Mellon Charitable Trusts, Pittsburgh, Pa., in reply to a request made by Chapin in January, '71. The money is earmarked for modernization of the electrical system.)

AOC: When the financial fiasco was publicized, I had the feeling Chapin would be scapegoated.

VM: I want to tell you off the record...I don't have time for the past. I want to give Aldie (Chapin) all the help I can. If he wants to be a fund raiser, he should be given the chance. I have no secrets from him and he shares his knowledge with me. I had another lady come in the other day who wanted to activate the question of how accurate our figures are. I said, 'please, that's dead and gone and I'm not interested in contradicting anything, but in getting a job done.'

And I want to tell you, the trustees are deeply involved and caring, which is not the image the public has of them. People see them as stuffy old men. They reached out and created an administrative structure, but it ran away from them and they had to pull back. Hamilton, the president of the trustees, is a very knowledgeable person and I confer with him almost daily; but the final decisions rest with me.

AOC: What was your position before Chapin's resignation?

VM: I wasn't on the board of trustees, but on the board of governors, and was vice-president of

the Works of Art Committee, which really runs the gallery.

AOC: How were you chosen for your present job?

VM: I was invited to a trustees' meeting, and assumed they just wanted a report. I had no knowledge they wanted me to do this. In fact, I had recommended someone else.

AOC: Who chose your committee?

VM: Me. Let me give you some idea of how we work. We meet twice a week, and we're working on a number of problems simultaneously, but each member of the committee has his own bailiwick. For example, Mary Chase is concerned with the whole area of scholarships, grants and community affairs. Carlton Swift has the task of reviewing the pay structure, the committees, how they're organized and staffed.

AOC: I take it that your first priority was to weed out the administrative staff and that you've all but completed that.

VM: There's only one administrative man other than myself left, that's Hal Glicksman (Associate Director under Walter Hopps before Melzac took over). He's directly responsible to me now, rather than to Walter. Hopps is not suited for administrative work. He has no experience in it, and it's only an irritation to him. He's a very aesthetic, sophisticated guy. When he comes back--he's been gone for ten days--he'll be freed of administrative duties.

Administratively, there's only one fuzzy area left and that's the comptroller's office; we want to structure our accounting system in the simplest way possible.

AOC: I take it you're trying to simplify things across the board.

VM: Absolutely.

AOC: Do you plan to stay in the present building?

VM: It's a magnificent, beautiful thing--Yes. But, it was built in 1897 and needs to be modernized.

AOC: What about the fund raising drive Chapin had planned?

VM: We have to get our house in order first and have delayed it indefinitely; it's at least a year away.

AOC: What are the prospects for federal aid, in the form of matching funds, for example?

VM: We're working on that now, and it's another thing which should be checked on long ago. The National Endowment is interested and we're trying to negotiate a matching grant of about \$35,000.

AOC: What do you regard as the Corcoran's priorities after getting your administrative structure in order; what do you see as the Corcoran's role?

VM: I can't answer that for the committee; we haven't gotten that far. For now, I'm occupied with the job at hand, but have some ideas. We have to assess our whole outreach program, like the Dupont Center.

AOC: Have you changes in mind for the Dupont Center Workshop?

VM: We're studying that now. All we know is it's costing us money, and we're not sure just how much, because of the bugs in our accounting

system. The question is, are we getting our money's worth and is it serving the needs it was intended to.

AOC: What about the Corcoran school?

VM: That's the one place where there's fresh air; where things are green, and I don't mean in dollars. The rest is brown. The school just got accreditation with the National Association of Schools of Fine Arts, and is the only part of the museum that pays its own way.

But to get back to the role of the Corcoran. I think there's room for a private museum in Washington. There should be more involvement with the other museums. I'd like to see a committee made up of Joshua Taylor, Carter Brown --who I think will make art history--the head of the African Museum and Hirschorn. We shouldn't compete, but sit down and discuss and cooperate. This museum should be completely involved with the community and what we call our local artists. None of the other museums are in a position to do what we can. At least we have one room.

AOC: But the Washington Room has been consistently pre-empted for one reason or another.

VM: Yes, and I don't understand that.

AOC: Broadly speaking Washington artists fall into two categories, don't they? There's the 4% who are color painters and their progeny; the second category consists of everyone else.

VM: Yes, and I don't think it's fair. I think very good things are being done in realism and gesture painting. But, while I ride herd on everything else, exhibitions are Walter's job. I do think, however, that our exhibits should be more balanced.

AOC: Since Walter Hopps does have his artistic preferences--who doesn't?--is it consistent to want more balanced shows and leave the job to him?

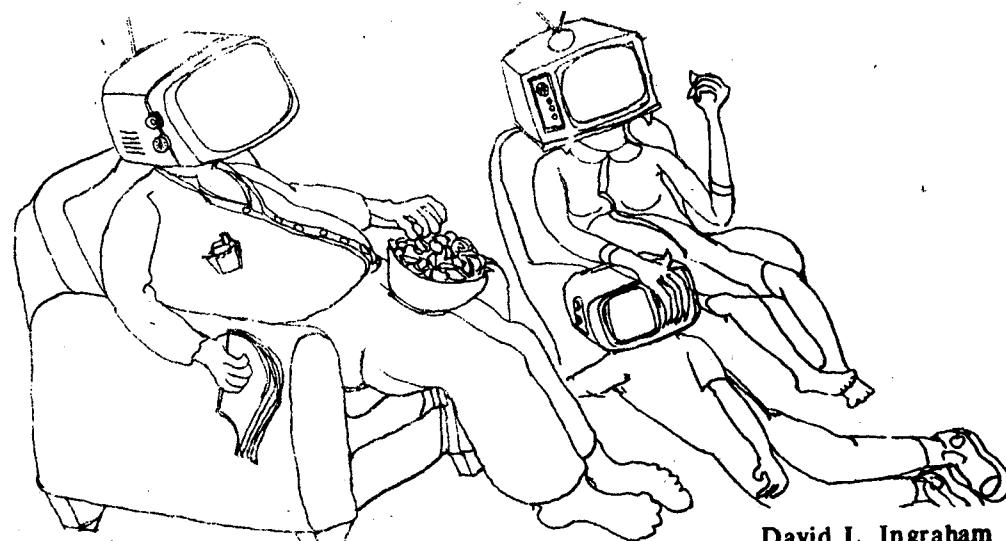
VM: I expect no conflict with Walter; he has an impeccable background. But, if he had his own way, from my point of view, we might go out of business. Our committee has the final decision. The process is the same as it was under Chapin, but then no one cared. Now we do, because we know the exhibits have not produced the attendance we wanted. We need money and one way to get it is through exhibits.

AOC: What do you think of holding an auction to raise funds?

VM: That's not a new idea. I want an acceleration of the reacquisition program, and by next week I want a practical, workable, point by point procedure to implement it. I want to hire someone for the summer to go through the stacks and sort things out--another thing which should have been done long ago. Yesterday we got a check for \$7500 for a print and we can do a lot more along these lines. We have stuff we shouldn't. Our interest is in American art, not European. You know we didn't have one Clifford Still before I came. There wasn't one in Washington.

But, to get back again to ideas, I need all the help I can get, and recognize it. At present I work 18 hours a day and my doors are always open, even to the guards.

All of a sudden people are walking briskly in the museum and they're smiling, and that's a positive indicator.



David L. Ingraham
C.N.C.-C.P.S.

LETTERS Cont'd

disrupters expect coffee and doughnuts from the police? Undoubtedly government agents would have known of the plans, but to make them so clearly public seems needlessly provocative and/or suicidal. How are we to gauge the seriousness of a "citizen army" which was caught flat-footed in its encampment and then dispersed? The spirit of Woodstock, apparently so prevalent at West Potomac Park, seems to have borne little resemblance to the spirit of '76. If I remember correctly, it was in the "first" American Revolution that Washington's ill-clothed and poorly equipped troops surprised the Hessians at their revels. The historical parallel is obviously not very flattering.

Finally, the mass arrests, the "concentration camps" and what Sam Smith refers to as "a taste of what a second Thousand Year Reich might be like." These allusions to incipient Nazism have become as obligatory on the Left as the Munich analogy was for the architects of the foreign policy which led us into Vietnam. In neither case are the analogies of much use; they are merely self-serving. What were the police to do? One can entertain fantasies as to what he would have liked for the police to do, but it seems to me that once the disruptions had been pre-announced, the police had no choice but to attempt to disperse and/or arrest the disrupters.

There were undoubtedly innocent bystanders arrested and conditions in some of the jails were obviously horrible. (In like manner, car tires were slashed and many bottles and bricks were hurled, though such was not typical of the disrupters.) But suppose detention centers had been set up beforehand and provisions for detainees stocked in. The cries of "concentration camp" would have filled the air and with considerable justification. And what should be done in the future, if this is truly not the last of the massive disruptions? Build special camps with adequate facilities for detaining protestors? One shudders at the thought. The point is that no police force, no jail system, no court system can cope with such massive disrupters, least of all the District's. The institutions are not designed nor the police trained for that purpose. As a result, in situations of stress the resort is to the simplest and most straight forward of measures--the tear gas, billy club and massive arrests.

I am not at all clear in my mind what the answer to the last set of problems is. It seems to me, however, that we are ill-served by a radical movement that operates according to the principle of "the worse, the better," that masquerades as a revolutionary army until the crunch comes and then cries that "It's just us well-meaning kids," that excoriates liberals and then screams like charter members of the ACLU when civil liberties are violated, that shouts "power to the people" and fails to ever talk to the people, and then tells us that out of all this a new and better order will emerge.

Richard King

DISABILITY cont'd

guarding federal buildings...How much should the local situation dictate the national situation?"

As much as Congress sees fit, since they set the retirement rate and pass the laws establishing the system. Councilman Veazey would like to add non-partial private citizens and doctors to the retirement board, and the Commissioner has the power to do this. Bruce Terris of the D.C. Democratic Central Committee wants to remove all police and firemen from the board. Don Weinberg of the D.C. personnel office counters that changing the composition of the board won't matter because the basic rules are set by Congress and the courts.

Councilman Veazey feels that the best hope for changing the system is for the City Council to document flagrant abuses and push Congress for amendments to the retirement laws. Given the power of the police lobby with the House District Committee, Veazey may incur a disability in the line of duty trying to change things.

f-stop

Now let us praise a famous photographer

ROLAND FREEMAN

An exquisite group of photographs opened at the Corcoran Gallery on Saturday, May 14, for a one-month stay. This exhibition should be an absolute must for any photographer or student of modern American history. The Gallery has displayed these magnificent photographs in such a way that it is pure visual delight to view them. They are the works of one of America's finest living photographers, Walker Evans. Although the photographs presented in this exhibition were taken over a span of 40 years, a large portion of the work displayed was done during an 18-month period beginning late in 1935. It was during this extremely creative period that Evans produced all of the photographs for the book Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, which portrayed the plight of the rural poor in the South, and was written by James Agee. During this period Evans, for the first time in his life as a photographer, was able to concentrate on his work with the assurance of a regular income, for these were the months of his service with the photographic unit of the Resettlement Administration (later called the Farm Security Administration.) He with a small group of photographers achieved what was probably the outstanding success of all the creative make-work projects of the Depression period. The success of this project was largely due to the fact that these photographers were given the opportunity to make true photographs, away from the carp-

ing help of editors and clients, and even away from the advice of bureaucrats. I sincerely hope that this will not be the last such exhibition by the Corcoran.

The Walker Evans opening was accompanied by another opening in the Corcoran's Rental Gallery of a show entitled "Eleven Washington Photographers," some never before exhibited in this area. Each photographer, of which I am one, is displaying 5 photographs.

Moving on to other fine photography news, for the youngsters living in the District of Columbia, there is a photographic competition being sponsored by the Black Women's League of Washington. This will be a fine opportunity for 10 to 18 year-olds to show what they can do. First prize will be a Nikon F camera, and the winners' work will appear in the D. C. Gazette and be on exhibit at the Education Gallery, National Collection of Fine Arts. Judges for the competition will be Maurice Sorrell, EBONY-JET, Matthew Lewis and Ellsworth Davis of the Washington POST, myself, Topper Carew of the New Thing and Bernie Boston, Washington STAR. All entries must be postmarked by no later than June 17. Applications have been distributed to all D.C. Public Libraries, Junior and Senior High Schools and to some community action groups. If applications in these places are not,

(Please turn to page 19)

The McDowell Papers

Getting bifocals

CHARLES McDOWELL JR.

DEAR Aunt Gertrude,

This is the first thing I have tried to type while wearing my new bifocals, and I feel as if I were on a ship crossing at sea.

The typewriter keeps moving. The letters blur and then come suddenly into focus. The room around me tilts one way and then the other. I am seasick, Aunt Gertrude, is what I am.

Anyway, I wanted to thank you for your letter of encouragement in response to my announcement of a couple of weeks ago that the age of bifocals was upon me.

It was helpful to be reminded that you have worn bifocals for 35 years and have become entirely accustomed to them. I must say, however, that I was not terribly encouraged by your observation that the first 10 years are the hardest.

You were just making a little joke, weren't you, when you said that Uncle Frazier, during his first week with bifocals, fell down the steps to the springhouse, stepped on a hoe, and kept tripping over the chickens?

It certainly is true that the bottom part of the lenses blurs and distorts things farther away than about 18 inches. I had to take the glasses off a few minutes ago to tie my shoe.

The top part of the lenses seems fine for distant objects, but I find it difficult not to look at everything through the little line between the tops and bottoms.

That line is bad news, Aunt Gertrude. It is a sort of artificial horizon that I am carrying around with me. Everything below the line is rolling like the ocean after a storm, and everything above it is as clear and calm as the evening sky.

So here I am at sea again, and I'm woozy and need to lie down.

Ever since the doctor prescribed the bifocals, I have been waiting anxiously for the optician to produce them.

I got a telephone call from the optician's office and a brisk female voice said, "Your executives are ready sir."

"My what?"

"Your executive glasses," she said.

Did you know that some people are so sensitive about getting bifocals that the eyeglasses

industry has invented "executives" as a euphemism?

Did you know, as a matter of fact, that the eyeglasses industry sometimes describes itself as dealing in "eyewear"?

Never mind. I picked up the glasses and drove back to Capitol Hill with my chin riveted against my chest to be sure that I was looking through the tops of the lenses. I forgot once and looked through the bottoms, and there was a truck on the hood of my car.

I stopped in the senate press gallery to test the bifocals in a typical "work situation." The senators whose desks are at the rear of the chamber looked clearer than I had seen them in years. I didn't recognize some of them.

(Please turn to page 19)

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NATURAL LIVING | PAULA AYERS

Schizophrenia

HE was 42 and refused to come down from the attic. His mother cared for him at home because she didn't want to commit him to a state hospital. Someone told her about a new treatment for chronic schizophrenia so she wrote away for more information. The North Nassau Mental Health Center, Manhasset, N.Y., suggested their usual low-carbohydrate, high-protein diet with mega-vitamins (large doses of certain vitamins). He didn't seem to notice the change in food nor the taste of the niacin (B3) and Vitamin C which was secretly added to it.

He gradually began to improve. First was more frequent bathing; then he wanted a haircut. His family found him more sociable. He even got clothes conscious and began thinking about getting a job. The family worried that if he worked and ate away from home he would go downhill without the proper diet and megavitamins they added.

His sister was drafted to explain the mega-vitamin therapy to him so that he could continue on his own. He interrupted before she could finish and said, "Well, I guess I've done pretty well on my own!"

Not only patients have the misconception that schizophrenia is all in the mind--most psychiatrists and psychologists have long shunned any investigation of the physical basis of schizophrenia. Yet orthodox intensive psychiatric care is no more successful than Father Time, who can claim 50% spontaneous recovery for his patients. Few laymen, or even professionals, realize that schizophrenia is basically a perceptual disorder.

For instance, schizophrenics have trouble judging time or distance. People and things change into many different shapes and do odd things, like beds moving up the walls. The sense of touch may be more sensitive, the patient may feel worms crawling under his skin. Or the patient is less sensitive, and feels little pain so that spanking is ineffective for the schizophrenic child. Also, clumsiness and bumping into things may not hurt, therefore it isn't outgrown. Sounds may seem louder or they may seem distant and garbled.

Schizophrenics don't imagine they hear voices, they do hear voices in their ears telling them what to do. That they follow these instructions is no more surprising than you passing the bread and butter when someone requests it at dinner.

The sense of taste may be 10,000 times more acute than normal, making typical American processed food taste like it has been poisoned. Anyone who didn't realize that his sense of smell was acting up would accuse the cook of attempting to poison him. Likewise, the sense of smell can be very accentuated, causing the patient to bathe frequently or insist that others do so.

Objects may appear flat while pictures have three dimensions. Colors may be brilliant or so monotonously gray that the recovered patient is surprised by the richness of the real world. Thinking may slow to the point that movements also become slower as each one must be thought out. Or conversely, it may speed up so that the patient complains his thoughts are running away. Binocular vision is upset, subjects are inclined to see people as looking at them who are not. If you saw everyone looking at you all the time you would become as anxious as schizophrenics do.

The schizophrenic, who perceives inaccurately but responds appropriately to this false perception, appears to us to react very inap-

propriately, creating hostility between us and him. The inappropriate eye motions of schizophrenics can be especially annoying to normal people who aren't aware of the illness.

These perceptual disorders can be induced by psychadelic drugs like LSD-25 and mescaline. Drs. Hoffer and Osmond, in How to Live with Schizophrenia, recommend that people working with schizophrenics should take some psychadelic (they coined the word) drug to better understand what the patient experiences.

The fact that such small amounts of LSD have such a strong effect on the body and mind suggests that biochemical triggers for schizophrenia will be very hard to detect. It is worth noting that LSD itself doesn't cause the hallucinations but rather a normal body chemical which is overstimulated by the LSD. Some researchers hypothesize schizophrenics have an inborn tendency to use this body chemical in a similar way that normal people metabolize LSD.

One of the biochemical peculiarities of schizophrenia is a substance in the blood called taraxine. Given to normal human volunteers, it induces temporary schizophrenic-like behavior.

Another area of study centers on adrenaline. It was noted that mescaline has a similar chemical structure to adrenaline. Further, asthmatics given large doses of adrenaline sometimes note effects much like a mescaline high, though milder. Looking into how adrenaline works may give some clues of the connection between adrenaline and schizophrenia (i.e. mal-perception).

"Regular" stress stimulates secretion from the adrenal cortex (shell) of hormones such as cortisone. "Extreme" stress stimulates secretion of adrenaline from the adrenal medulla (core). 'Extreme' stress, via adrenaline, increases the lactic acid content of the blood. The glucose (stored animal sugar) in the muscles is released to the blood in the form of lactic acid (rather than as glucose) and is reconverted to glucogen in the liver, where it is finally changed to glucose (blood sugar) as needed.

Could this high lactic acid level in the blood be a factor in schizophrenia? Pitts and McClure found that injections of lactic acid produce a state of anxiety. This included feelings of impending doom, fear of going insane or fear of a heart attack. Physical symptoms include shortness of breath, chest discomfort, dizziness, shakiness, and later, muscular aches like one gets from strenuous exercise which builds up "oxygen debt" (from anaerobic oxidation) in the muscle tissue in the form of lactic acid. In tests on soldiers during strenuous maneuvers it was found that muscle aches could be minimized by taking Vitamin C before exercise, but it didn't help to take it after. The links between malfunctioning adrenal glands and lactic acid and anxiety are partly verified by the fact that Vitamin C is very concentrated in healthy adrenals and is depleted by stress.

Moderate exercise lowers lactic acid levels in the blood because deep breathing increases aerobic ("with air") oxidation and decreases anaerobic ("without air") oxidation. Walking, swimming, and yoga are the best kind of moderate exercise.

Carlous Mason checked the lactic acid levels of the blood at the beginning and the end of the glucose tolerance test. He found that in nearly all cases of reactive low blood sugar (initially very high blood sugar, different from idiopathic hypoglycemia which has a low flat curve on the 6-hour chart) there was a 50-150% increase in lactic acid. Here is one of the many correlations (perhaps even cause and effect) between low blood sugar and schizophrenia.

Pitts and McClure found that calcium added to the lactic acid relieved the anxiety caused by lactate given alone. Likewise, Dr. Tintera notes that the aches are markedly relieved by intravenous injections of calcium gluconate. The alkaline calcium seems to neutralize the lactic acid, which then can precipitate out, similar to the process described for uric acid in the leaflet "Protein--High or Low?"

There are other clues of the relation of adrenaline to schizophrenia. During World War II when supplies of fresh adrenaline ran short, asthma patients given old stock, which had turned slightly pink, experienced temporary hallucinations. Drs. Hoffer and Osmond suspected that the pink color was due to adrenochrome

which is temporarily formed in adrenaline decomposition.

Drs. Hoffer and Osmond ingested adrenochrome to check their theory that it was part of the physiology of schizophrenia. The fascinating account of the results is in their book How to Live with Schizophrenia. Dr. Osmond had vivid hallucinations and in the second test noticed he had no feelings for human beings, which caused him to wonder if he was perhaps a plant or a stone.

Normally, when the need for adrenaline is over, it is changed to adrenochrome, a toxic substance which is itself quickly changed to dihydroxyindole, relaxing the person. In schizophrenics, however, for reasons still unknown, adrenochrome changes to andrenolutin instead of dihydroxyindole. "Adrenolutin provides some relaxation, but it interferes with normal chemical reactions in the brain, and the process of schizophrenia is under way." (Hoffer and Osmond) Several researches have found that schizophrenic patients have higher amounts of adrenochrome and adrenolutin in their urine and blood than normal people.

Professor D. MacArthur reports that adrenochrome has a similar chemical structure to all other hallucinogens. When given 1 milligram of adrenochrome, trained monkeys couldn't press the buttons, pull the cords, etc. for a food reward though they knew what a banana was, and knew they were hungry, and could pick one up if it was placed by their cage. Once they were recovered from the dose of adrenochrome, they could again perform the tasks necessary to get the food.

In several human volunteers the changes in personality continued up to 2 weeks. Drs. Hoffer and Osmond write, "though the subjects were aware that they in themselves had nothing to do with drugs... one had to be admitted to a mental hospital for several months of treatment."

(To be continued)

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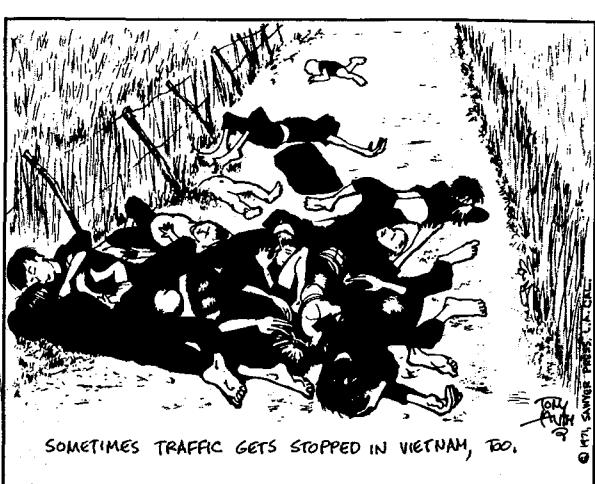
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GAY cont'd

sexism. The accusations volleyed back and forth, until Franklin Kameny struggled to remind the members of the group that all this soul flogging was self destructive. He said he didn't think it necessary for gay people to aspire to some kind of divinity--they should just do the best they could for themselves. But some obviously could not decide under which manifestation they were most oppressed--as blacks, or as gays, or as women, or as black gay women, or what.

Sometimes there were less somber moments. One night a couple of 13-year-old boys showed up at the meeting and distracted just about everybody in the place. Even the smiling Jesus on the wall looked especially bemused. Another night one brother announced a "Gay Blood Donors Drive." He said, "We go to the blood donors' place with our gay-is-good buttons and sometimes we really freak out the nurses." Before the DC delegate primary, one member reported being politely put off by virtually all the candidates for the office--friendly ersatz interest in gay peoples' problems but, of course, no real commitment, even though the candidates were promised that "we wouldn't make a public endorsement that would embarrass them."

One night, a member told a story about what happened to him the day he wore his Gay-Is-Good button to work. "I work at an interior decorator's in Georgetown," he began. "I have been there for seven months. Recently they made me an assistant manager. One morning I showed up for work wearing my Gay-Is-Good button. Now, about 95 per cent of the people who come into that shop are gay. Everybody knows that. But the lady manager didn't want me to wear that button. She asked me to take it off, and I said no. She kept on and on about it. Finally she sent me home for the day. That was Tuesday. On Thursday, when I wore the button again, I was fired. She's a real bitch. She had never complained about my work, but for this she fired me. If you can't even wear a Gay-Is-Good button to a place where you're dealing almost exclusively with gay people, what can you do?"

"I think," said a brother who had listened to the story, "that this is ripe for a zap."

The zaps, however, were few and far between. There was some picketing of gay bars that practiced alleged racial discrimination (gay bars in town have names like Pier 9, Plus 1, etc.) and a few other actions, but these were not always well supported, even by the regular membership. People in GLF divided themselves informally into cell groups--called "glonks" because the word is meaningless and thereby avoids the stigma of organizationalism, or whatever--and there were subgroups like the radical caucus and the liberal caucus. But still the guilt-slinging continued. One member, older than many, was continually castigated because he wore a hairpiece. It came to symbolize his bourgeois capitulation to the straight world, apparently; he had a respectable job, that sort of thing. The issue of his toupee kept coming up until one week it came off--he tore the thing from his head and threw it on the floor. It wasn't a 300-dollar suit, it was just a limp little swatch of hair. But it became practically a crown of thorns. Decline and fall.

Not so long ago a little note was posted on the door of the Grace Episcopal Church in Georgetown. Meetings of the Gay Liberation Front had been moved to a church in Northeast it said, in order to be closer to the black community. Several members had expressed an almost pathological guilt about there not being enough blacks in GLF. If the move has made the meetings more convenient for some, however, it has made them much less accessible to others. Attendance has reportedly dropped off. The old friend from AU who originally told me about GLF remarked recently that, he too, had stopped going to the meetings. Someone who lives at the commune explained that the at-large meeting was being "de-emphasized" and more was being done in the cell groups. Whatever. It does not seem, one way or another, that GLF has done much so far to enlighten straights or to lessen oppression of gay people. And yet, for those who walked in out of the night air to those meetings, or made friends in the cell groups, or stood on street-corners handing out leaflets that said gay people are people too, "gay liberation" may have been just that--the mere but important affirmation that what they are is what they are. Homosexuals may not know so much more about homo-

sexuality than all the ever-bumbling, stumbling psychologists and psychiatrists in the world, but this first faltering attempt at gay liberation in Washington may have given many strategic realizations about what's going down within and without, and even suggested inklings of what might be called a community. They haven't exorcised all the rejected-alienated-lost-alone pathos out of homosexuality, but they have begun. And even if the Gay Liberation Front itself is expiring, other gays are making plans to start a chapter of the Gay Activists' Alliance here in DC. Check your local newspaper for an absolute absence of details--but it is coming.

One Saturday night recently I told a GLF friend of mine I thought it would be fun, or neat, or something, to walk by the Third Precinct Police Station holding hands. He said, yeah, it would be. As we approached the station, I saw

one cop standing in front of the building. I was chickening out. My friend put his arm around me, and we walked by. "Good evening," my friend said.

"Good evening," the cop replied.

V. THERE'S A PLACE FOR US SOMEWHERE A PLACE FOR US OR, WHAT'S WRONG WITH JUDY GARLAND RECORDS, ANYWAY?

AUNT EM: Now Dorothy. . . you just help us out today and find yourself a place where you won't get into any trouble.

DOROTHY: Some place where there isn't any trouble. Do you suppose there is such a place, Toto? There must be. It's not a place you can get to by a boat, or a train. It's far, far away -- behind the moon. Beyond the rain. . .

D.C. status: Read the fine print

If you look hard enough, you can find the following paragraph in the middle of all three proposed D.C. "home rule" bills:

and, if such officer is not the Mayor, also to the Mayor.

The Congress of the United States reserves the right, at any time, to exercise its constitutional authority as legislature for the District of Columbia, by enacting legislation for the District on any subject, whether within or without the scope of legislative power granted to the District Council and the qualified voters of the District of Columbia by this Act, including, without limitation, legislation to amend or repeal any law in force in the District prior to or after enactment of this Act and any act passed by the Council or by the qualified voters of the District of Columbia.

(g) Except as limited by subsection (h) of this se

The bills are sponsored by Md. Senator Mathias, Mo.; Senator Eagleton (chairman of the Senate District Committee) and D.C. non-voting delegate Walter Fauntroy. Generally, all three would set up a similar type of Mayor-Council government. Here is a brief comparison of the bills:

Issue	Eagleton	Mathias	Fauntroy
City Council: elections and terms of office	11 members: 3 at large (including chairman). 8 from wards. 2 year term of office.	11 members: 3 at large (including chairman). 8 from wards. 4 year term of office	15 members: 7 at large (including chairman). 8 from wards. 4 year term of office
Annual Salaries of Mayor and Council	Mayor: \$40,000 Chairman of Council: \$15,000 Vice-Chairman of Council: \$14,000	To be set by Council, Subject to President's veto and change by Congress.	To be set by Council, Subject to change by Congress.
Presidential veto over new powers of City Council	Permitted.	Permitted	Not Permitted.
Annual Federal pay-to D.C.	Formula based on amount of real and personal property taxes lost to D.C. due to presence of Federal Government	30% of D.C. revenues, increasing to 35% in 5 years.	32% of D.C. revenues, increasing to 40% in 4 years.
Commuter Tax on Suburbanites working in D.C.	Permitted, subject to President's veto and change by Congress.	Specifically prohibited	Permitted, subject to change by Congress.
Congressional power to change city budget.	Permitted (Read the fine print.)	Permitted (Read the fine print.)	Permitted (Read the fine print.)
Changes in the Hatch Act.	No change.	No change.	No change.
Power to appoint local judges.	City Council appoints.	President appoints, with Senate approval.	Mayor appoints, with City Council approval.
Local Bonds.	Bonds would be tax-exempt.	Bonds would be taxable.	Bonds would be taxable.
Annual GAO post-audit of D.C. finances.	Required.	Required.	Required.

What the local press forgot to tell you...

The news blackout on statehood continues.

ON April 26, at the Senate hearings on DC status, the DC Statehood Party offered testimony in behalf of statehood. Continuing a practice of keeping information about statehood from the people, the press --almost without exception-- refused to even report that we were there, let alone what we said. Here's Statehood Party executive director Lou Aronica's testimony:

RESIDENTS of the last colony within this country's continental borders, we of the Statehood Party have come together to seek an end to seventeen decades' denial of rights that were set out for us in the Declaration of Independence and assured us by the Constitution. We seek nothing less than that granted 200 million of our countrymen: full participation in one of the states of the Union. We realize that to be half-free is to be half-slave. We realize that changes in our local government that do not result in statehood are only colonial reform. Would you or any other reasonable men deny that this is the condition of the three-quarter of a million U.S. citizens who live in the District of Columbia? Can you and any other reasonable men not stand with us in our insistence to the full rights of U.S. Citizenship?

The drive for statehood for D.C. stems from the bitter experience of colonies everywhere, even those under the most beneficent administration: neglect, misrule, and arbitrary, capricious government. Gaining statehood and thus full citizenship should not be viewed as a panacea just simple decency. Statehood is not a utopia, it would merely lift us to the status of the rest of our countrymen. Statehood would not guarantee a successful future, but only make it possible. Without statehood, even under the most favorable of the alternate proposals, District residents would be lesser citizens than their countrymen, a status repugnant to the spirit of equality and justice that we profess to honor so highly.

To understand the necessity for statehood, we must first understand the shortcomings of alternative proposals for D.C. self-government. Traditionally, these proposals have been called home rule measures. They might better be labelled colonial reform legislation, for they do not lift the D.C. residents out of their colonial status, but merely mitigate some of the adverse aspects of colonial rule:

"Home Rule Bills"--the most favorable of these would give the D.C. residents an elected mayor and city council, control over the city's finances and a guaranteed federal payment. But the constitutional provision granting Congress the power to exercise exclusive legislative jurisdiction over the District, forces the backers of "home rule" legislation to include a provision for a congressional and/or presidential veto over local acts of the D.C. government. In operation, such a veto would restrict the city government's ability to take such locally popular actions as instituting a commuter tax, repealing some of the repressive aspects of the D.C. crime bill or ending freeway construction. Even if Congress wished to, it could not through legislation give away its constitutional last say over the District as long as it remains part of the federal enclave. There are of course, less favorable proposals along these lines. --the disadvantages of which, from a D.C. point of view are obvious.

Constitutional Amendments--another route is a constitutional amendment providing D.C. with some form of self-government. Such an amendment would fix the form of the D.C. government through the constitutional process and would require another constitutional amendment to change the form of government prescribed. Thus, a constitutional amendment might be passed providing D.C. with a mayor-city manager government, including an eleven-man city council and a fixed federal payment. Obviously, such an amendment would make the District an unnecessary hostage to the tedious amendment procedure. If, for example, the city desired to eliminate the city manager's office, change the payment, or alter the size of the council, it would be unable to do so without years of national consideration. Presumably, a constitutional amendment could be passed that gave the District the equivalent of statehood, but it seems an unnecessarily complex and time-consuming approach to the problem.

STATEHOOD

Unlike the "home rule bills mentioned above, statehood would not leave Congress or the President with a veto over District matters.

Unlike the constitutional amendments mentioned above, statehood could be achieved by simple majority vote of both houses of Congress rather than by a procedure requiring a two-thirds vote of each house plus ratification by three-quarters of the states.

Unlike the home rule or the constitutional amendment proposals, statehood could not be revoked.

Statehood could be made possible by the simple expedient of redefining the size of the present District of Columbia. The Constitution puts an outer limit on the size of the District--ten miles square--but indicates no minimum size. Congress could simply redefine the District

to include unpopulated area stretching from the Supreme Court and Library of Congress to the Lincoln Memorial, including the Mall and the Federal Triangle, and grant the rest of the city statehood.

Statehood would help correct the failure of the present political system to recognize the large minority of Black people in this country. Just as the original states represented compromises between conflicting interests, so D.C. statehood would be a step toward union in a racially fragmented country.

Statehood would permit the District to experiment with innovations in urban government, such as neighborhood councils and other forms of decentralization. As a state, the people of the present District could alter and vary the form of government closest to the people as wisdom and experience dictates. It would not only lessen the feeling that the system can not be moved or made to work, but would also free the spirits of men to innovations and achievements rather than frustration and hostility.

Statehood, we contend, would assist the city's financial situation. Statehood would not per se mean a lower federal payment, in fact, since the state would have two Senators and two Congressmen, its leverage for fair treatment by the federal government would certainly be increased. The present situation, as a study by the League of Women Voters indicates, is not all that advantageous. In 1967 the total contribution of the federal government to D.C. amounted to 29.8%, while thirteen states--from Alaska with 56.7% to Utah with 30.8%--received higher percentages of their revenues from federal funds. In addition, the present D.C. government is highly inefficient. It is unlikely that a self-governing state would tolerate such an expensive cost-benefit government. Per capita costs for services such as schools and police are out of line with those of comparable cities. The recent inquiries of Senator Inouye are only scratching the surface of a pattern of wasteful spending by a city government not responsible to an electorate.

Many sources of revenue are denied the District because of Congressional or White House objections. Such potential sources include a reciprocal income tax, levies on all-day parking, a truly progressive income tax, or municipal ownership of liquor stores. In addition, the District's present dependent status makes it rely unduly upon the federal government to solve all its problems. As a state, we would feel more compulsion to develop a wider economic base by seeking new non-federal light industry and commercial operations and developing programs that truly relate to the economic needs of the city rather than to the whims or political goals of the White House or Congress.

Various arguments arise which indicate that statehood is either impossible or inappropriate. If these arguments are inspected they often lead to contrary conclusions than those expressed, e.g., that the federal government's security in the capital would be reduced--not only have other nations found an answer to granting self-government to their capital city but do not the colonized people represent a far more dangerous threat to the federal government than would a city-state enjoying the fruits of full citizenship?; that the District is too small to be a state--not only is the D.C. population now larger than ten states, but also every territory since 1789, except Oklahoma, had fewer people at the time of its admission to the union than DC now has--in any case, governments are created to serve people not acres; that state government is obsolete--not only would the new state be more homogeneous and compact in size and sense of common purpose thus eliminating the typical up-state, down-state, rural vs. urban schism which plagues other states but also since the creation of a state would be a new departure for a tortured city, the creative instincts of men newly liberated may well come to lead to new approaches which would well serve the entire nation.

The Statehood Party sees no argument which precludes the creation of a state. You in Congress and we in the city should be able to meet and face any of the questions which are being brought forth. However, underlying many of the arguments is the great unspoken one: race. Few people in the District doubt that the racial composition of the city has been the major obstacle to the granting of self-government. Even those 'friends of the District' who propose partial self-government measures, implicitly indicate a belief that D.C. is 'not ready' for full freedom. To many in the District, the step-at-a-time approach to self-government is itself a racial slur, creating special hurdles for Blacks to leap through before they are granted entry into the democratic system. Equal treatment under law and democracy are not a decree to be achieved, or a privilege to be earned, but an inherent right.

In summation the D.C. Statehood party insists upon statehood because anything short of it would leave us lesser citizens than other Americans, because statehood is a just cure for our present disenfranchisement, and because it is the one form of self-government that we may exercise in the manner of our choosing. The existence of a colonial district of three-quarters of a million people as the capital of the self-proclaimed herald of democracy is a disgrace, an injustice, and an affront that raises reasonable men to anger. Those who turn themselves to ending this bitter inequity will earn a place at the table of the best friends of freedom.

D.C. Statehood Party

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THEATER | THOMAS SHALES

Awake and Sing!

WE can all be very glad. Arena Stage has given us Awake and Sing! not as a sappy valentine to the past, not as a nurdle of nostalgia, but as a living, breathing human experience, and it's dazzling, haunting, and eloquent. Director Norman Gevanthor has taken hold of this play, cherished it, revered it, but far better and more productively, has let it shout. It is surely no accident that Clifford Odets, who wrote it, changed the title from something about the blues to the exclamatory and so theatrically thirties exhortation (from Isaiah: "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust") that has us rallied almost from the outset, and Gevanthor knows it.

A New York household is suffering the Depression and its attendant tragedies and hardships. As usual, people are hurting one another -- carelessly, almost effortlessly. A boy is looking out windows and deciding just how he is going to make it all better for himself than it was for them. People are falling in love, or trying not to fall in love, or reaching out indiscriminately. This is not just the thirties, of course, this is what you call your "always," and through rich, hearty language, Odets brings it home to us, somehow part of its era and just as surely timeless, permanent, and vital.

You're right. They don't, indeed, write them like this any more. And it could be argued that it is impossible to look at the play now as audiences looked at it then. They couldn't guess for instance (well, they could have, maybe) that young Ralph, who cries out as the curtain is about to fall, "I swear to God, I'm one week old!", will surely have the bright ideas blown out of his head by, say, something as eventual as World War II. We don't need our present perspective to find this play almost unkindly poignant, but we can't escape that perspective either. To Gevanthor's credit, he effectively ignores it, and lets us reach these conclusions by ourselves. There is not the sense of someone looking back at what has gone before; instead, the past rises up and returns to us. In a time of an almost maniacal and purely superficial infatuation with old days--almost indubitably dubbed "good" whether they were or not -- Awake and Sing! says, Wait a minute, look again--there might be something you missed back here. And not just tap dancing, either.

Everyone in the cast of this production helps make it live that much more. Sometimes Odets' dialogue is so pretty, it almost hurts to hear it. Sometimes you wonder if words that look so nice on paper can survive being spoken. In the most crucial role, as Ralph, Armand Assante epitomizes the affirmation of the whole ensemble. He talks about his new girlfriend like this: "But she's got me! Boy, I'm telling you I could sing! Jake, she's like stars. She's so beautiful you look at her and cry! She's like French words!" One can almost get lost in lines like that--grand and romantic, maybe, but Assante and the others make them work, giving them not just surface sparkle, but power.

Everybody is fine, here, but Ben Kopen, as Uncle Morty, is especially devastating, never begging the audience for sympathy yet somehow, the schmuck, getting it; Howard Witt has his best role in Moe, and he gives it his best in return; and Eda Reiss Merin's Bessie, the demon mother, is both awesome and intricate.

This is a play of exercised emotions and Odets' poignant and passionate idealized socialism. The Berger family's yearnings and struggles have hardly lost their relevance, however, and certainly their bitterness at how America has failed them, and cheated them, and hoodwinked them, is easily appreciated today. What is hard to understand, in the context of our time, is their essential indomitability, or at least the stamina of what thirties playwrights persistently celebrated: that old standby, the human spirit. One feels that if the Bergers were trying to make it today, they would be driven to give up much sooner.

There are lessons to be learned from the thirties. Awake and Sing! contains the secret of many of them, and it is a preposterously good play besides.

At Washington Theatre Club, the coffee-table-triumph of the moment is Father's Day,

a play by Oliver Hailey that deserves almost no serious consideration whatsoever but earns and keeps a great deal of brittle laughter. This would not, by the way, be the "best play of the season" if it were the only play of the season, but director Davy Marlin-Jones has certainly seen the snappish humor in it, and he keeps it crackling along so nastily that you don't stop to wonder "What?" until it is over (and by that time, you must argue with the enjoyment the play's frequent laughs have given you).

It is quite well performed on one of the smartest sets in Theatre Club history (designed by T.C. Behrens), but Carole Cook's Louise could have been bitchier still (she has most of the good sarcasm) and, in fact, should have been, because this character pushes much of the play forward (or at least around) by herself. Anne Meacham is funny as Marian, however random the idiosyncrasies, and oddly believable at that, and Ken Kercheval is persuasively alarmed at the prospect of being something less than what the ads call "all man." It's also nice to see Peter Palmer again, and one wishes his character had more comic possibilities.

The play is about three odd marriages and how they died, sort of. Nothing much happens, really, and when it's all over you may feel slightly cheated--Hailey has kept you laughing so consistently that you forgot to look for any substance in the thing. Maybe it's all more meaningful if you're married and hate it or divorced and hate it. I just wouldn't want to hear



anybody try to defend the play as some statement of any worth on human relationships, even if it does have casual insights on the battle of the sexes. No, Hailey was after laughs here and he gets them, lots and lots, but the laughter stops at the last fade-out and, like a stick of Dentyne gum, the flavor vanishes quickly, leaving you with not much more than a wet lump in your mouth.

I saw Ionesco's Wipe Out Games at Arena's Kreeger just before it closed and it seems criminal to let it pass without a word about it. Make the word "brilliant," because this was not just fascinating Ionesco--he looks at the human race with such cruel objectivity that one wonders if he really is part of it--but also spectacular stagecraft, beginning with the moment that Towering Mortality, Art Beatty, crawled out of a hole in the stage and introduced us to the family of man, members of whom promptly proceeded to drop like flies.

This was just the sort of daring endeavor that we hoped the new Kreeger theatre would facilitate. The next production there, now in previews, is Joe Orton's lunatic nihilist comedy, What the Butler Saw.

McDOWELL cont'd

But Sens. Mike Mansfield and Hugh Scott, whose desks are at the front, almost under the gallery, turned out to be extra-large and amorphous men.

It will take me a while to get used to these glasses. Is it true that Uncle Frazier became so frustrated with his bifocals that had a prescription windshield installed in the Edsel?

Your nephew, Charley.

Photography cont'd

available, you can use the application appearing in this paper or contact Miss Rosalind Singleton of the Black Women's League at either 496-5974 or 529-9165.

Black Women's League photography contest

RULES AND REGULATIONS:

1. Each contestant must be between the ages of 10 and 18 years old.
2. Each contestant must be a resident of the District of Columbia.
3. Each contestant must photograph his own pictures.
4. Each contestant must develop his own pictures.
5. Each contestant must print his own pictures.
6. Each contestant can submit up to 4 entries.
7. All pictures must be black and white.
8. Each picture must be a minimum of 8 by 10 inches or a maximum of 11 by 14 inches.
9. Each picture must be mounted on cardboard.
10. Each picture must be postmarked no later than June 17, 1971.
11. Registration form must be attached to the back of the picture.

ENTRIES CAN BE MAILED TO:

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P.O. Box 8905 SOUTHEAST STATION
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20003

OR

ENTRIES can be deposited at the DC Gazette, 109 8th St. NE.

ALL ENTRIES will be on exhibit at the Education Gallery, National Collection of Fine Art, G Street, NW between 7th and 9th Streets, NW on Monday, July 19, 1971 until August 16, 1971.

PRIZES for the contest will be photographic supplies.

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